FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe HUMBER do

THE SPHERE, MARCH 4, 1939
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."
1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVI No. 2041 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 4 1939

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE —of course!

Lovely with Lime or Lemon

LEMON HART RUM

Try this Cocktail
SAVOY SPECIAL
⅔ LEMON HART RUM
⅓ Italian Vermouth
Two dashes Grenadine & squeeze of lemon
As served at the famous Savoy Cocktail Bar

FAMOUS SINCE 1804

The All-Weather Glass

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S Scotch Ale

ON DRAUGHT OR IN BOTTLE

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

When you are dining out ask for Drambuie. You will enjoy its exquisite flavour and intriguing bouquet.

PADDY

CHOICE OLD IRISH WHISKY

CORK DISTILLERIES CO. LTD., CORK, IRELAND

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

RONUK SANITARY POLISHES

SUPREME FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE

GOLD MEDAL OF 17th INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF MEDICINE
BLUE SEAL CERTIFICATE OF ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH & HYGIENE, AND NINE MEDALS OF ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt.

N·S·P·C·C

Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

Please remember the work it is doing — and help!

Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by
GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE.

Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

Branches and Agencies throughout the World.

ONE SHILLING

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

for the Leisure Hour

Sprays of delicate bead embroidery enhance the simple charm of this wrap-over design, in moss stripe crêpe, with its soft revers. In lavender, rosewood, petrel blue, fuchsia, and black. 5½ gns.

(House Gowns and Tea Gowns—Second Floor.)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 **Wigmore Street, W.1.** *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

BY APPOINTMENT

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

'Gopher' regd. Model 1291. Fur felt sports hat. In all fashionable colours, 21/9. Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.

Fit as a Fiddle

after an Orient Cruise

You can get all the exercise you want on an Orient Cruise. On the other hand, if you prefer a quiet corner and a book you will not be disturbed.

11 CRUISES - 1st CLASS ONLY

By ORCADES and ORION (23,500 tons), from APRIL to AUGUST, to the MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, EGYPT, NORWAY and the BALTIC.
Fares from 22 GNS.

6 CRUISES - 1st and TOURIST

By ORFORD (20,000 tons), from JUNE to SEPTEMBER to the MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC and ATLANTIC ISLANDS.
Fares from £22 First Class, £12 Tourist

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

ORIENT LINE

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, and No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.
Telephones: MAN.3456, WHI.6981, TEM.2258 or Agents.

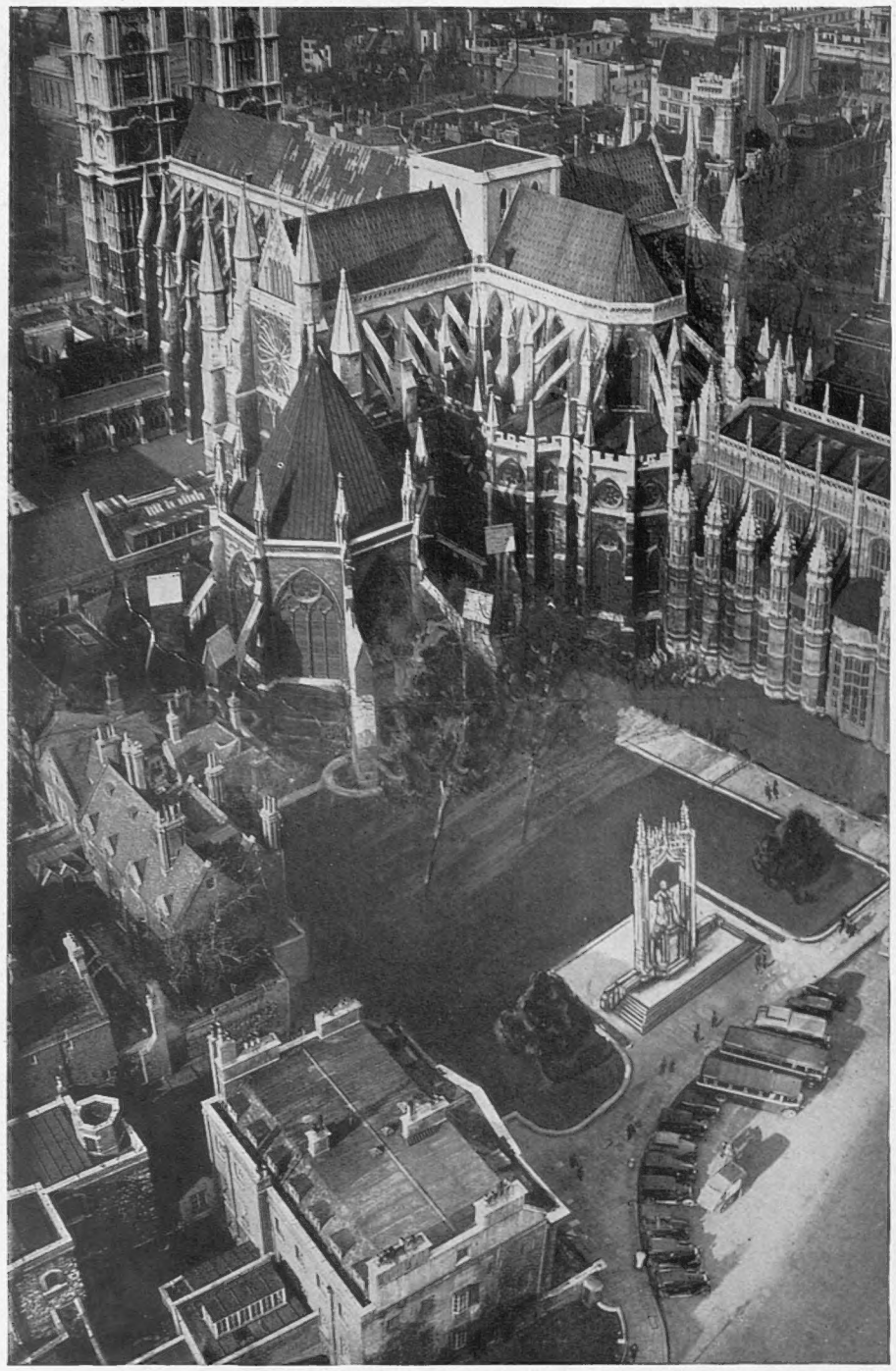
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 4, 1939

ROME AWAITS THE NEW POPE

Picturesquely-clad Peasant Folk who Have Flocked into the City on the Occasion of the Papal Election

This week Rome has been agog with excitement as all eyes have been turned upon the Vatican, where on Wednesday sixty or more members of the Sacred College—Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, and Cardinal Deacons—went into solemn conclave to choose the 262nd Pontiff as successor to the beloved Pope Pius XI, a new Vicar of Christ to wear the Fisherman's Ring. Outside St. Peter's vast crowds have gathered to watch the comings and goings of the great, city folk and peasants from the countryside eagerly discussing the one subject of the day and speculating upon the chances of this and that candidate. The illness of Cardinal Dalla Costa, the significance of the many visits paid by his colleagues on Cardinal Maglione; these and a host of other facets of the election have kept public interest at peak. After the deep solemnity of the Papal funeral, a quiet gaiety has prevailed and a note of expectation that reaches its climax when, to the cries of "Il Pappa! Il Pappa!" a robed figure at length appears on the Balcony of Benediction and gives the blessing to his world-wide flock

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



DIVERGENT OPINIONS have been forthcoming with regard to the proposed memorial of his late Majesty King George V, a representation of which is shown in this composite picture on the selected site behind the Abbey. Both the "fretful Gothic" of the narrow screen and the crushing weight of the robes worn by the Royal figure, to be carried out in unweathering marble, have called up so much criticism that Lord Macmillan, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, has suggested that the matter be referred back for consideration

A London News

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, March 1, 1939.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF DURHAM.

—Tow Law is not a cheerful spot even on a fine August day when I have usually passed through it; even in times of prosperity it is dreary. In winter, in bitter cold and rain, in times of gnawing distress, its slagheaps and silence are desolating. One can well understand how the sun seemed to burst out over Tow Law and in the hearts of its inhabitants when the King and Queen appeared on the balcony of the Social Centre and smiled down on the crowd. Since the end of their holidays the Royal Family have put in an immense amount of hard work for the nation's welfare. What their presence and obvious interest mean to the B.I.F. and trade needs no stressing, for there is none to dispute it. It would be interesting to read the statistics of the number of hours spent, the number of miles covered, at the B.I.F. since its institution by members of the Royal Family. The figures would be astounding. The recent tour of the north-east by Their Majesties was of immense value. To the people of the distressed areas far more bitter than the sum of their sufferings is the suspicion, which sometimes creeps in inevitably, that they have been forgotten by the more prosperous sections of the community. Here was proof positive that they are remembered and sympathised with at the fountain head. For the King and Queen that tour was no picnic. The heavy programme entailed a very great strain. Nor could good manners alone have carried the conviction of sympathy to the hearts of those people to whom despair and disillusion have sometimes come. The King and Queen moved between Argus-eyed ranks. Perfect manners, an enchanting smile, a kindly word, these things mean much. Before such an audience they avail little unless backed and supported by feeling and heartfelt sympathy. None who has heard the King and Queen speak of the problems which they have just examined again so carefully, could doubt for one minute the intensity of their sympathy, the depth of their distress, for these unlucky folk and their tragic problems. And Durham knew it.

RUSSIA'S ARMY AND NAVY.

—The "coming of age" of the Soviet's Army and Navy has received a rare publicity in that land of mystery, and many expressions of opinion in Russian newspapers have penetrated to the outer world. Reading some of them, one scratches one's head and asks "What is truth?" They express common agreement that the Red Army was the achievement of Lenin and Stalin. What of Trotsky's efforts? If there was one thing which seemed to be clear to us it was the prime value of Trotsky's work in building up the Red Armies. When Trotsky had been many years in banishment, Stalin, seeing the armies disintegrating before his eyes, stole Trotsky's clothes and dressed up his new creation in them. If Trotsky invented the system of political supervision of the officers and staffs, it was he also who tried to win back the services of Russia's trained officers for his new armies. Both of these policies played in their times the most important parts in the making of the armies and they were Trotsky's creations. Stalin stole the Commissar plan and shot the trained officers. Or so we believed. It was the Russian Navy which broke Marxism and gave back to Russia what was good in the capitalist system, thus preventing a still bloodier counter-revolution and chaos worse confounded, and the now newly promised High Seas Fleet may yet be a warning alike to the Soviet's enemies and the Soviet Government. And because of these things one could wish that another "damnable error" might be eradicated from the ignorant minds of Russian publicists. It is this:—"Fascist aggressors madly prepare for a big war, encouraged by the ruling circles of the so-called democratic powers of England and France." That is the opinion of the military spokesmen. It is a pity indeed that that powerful force cannot more clearly interpret the orientation of Europe to-day.

OPTIMISM IN THE AIR.—

Looking back over the last fortnight one realises very sharply the sudden change of heart which seems to have affected the whole world simultaneously. Personally, I can only compare it to the swift curtain which shuts off all the noise and clamour of city life at the beginning of the two-minutes silence on November 11. It is a silence that can be felt. It is also a mystery of the first magnitude on which it is reasonable enough to speculate. What caused this remarkable and welcome change? At first I wondered if it was merely that the B.B.C. had taken a hint and given us rather less of the poison of "semi-official" tongues and rumours. But that fact, if it be a fact, is not a satisfactory explanation. Nor is the probable ending of the Spanish tragedy. That ending is fraught with new anxieties. The world suddenly been revealed. Those countries whose resources are least have suddenly been faced with the urgency of restoring their export trade if they are to survive economically. Those with strongest reserves are at that juncture of the year when they must count the cost of preparations against war and, in those calculations, the full poignancy of the sacrifices which they are compelled to make enhances the madness of civilisation. A lucid interval in a Bedlamite nightmare has come to all civilisation. To hang suspended on the crater edge of war is swiftly bringing all to disaster. The fact had long struck the democracies. Suddenly it struck the totalitarian states with equal force. The word went out. The axis was oiled. The creaks and complaints died down with startling suddenness.

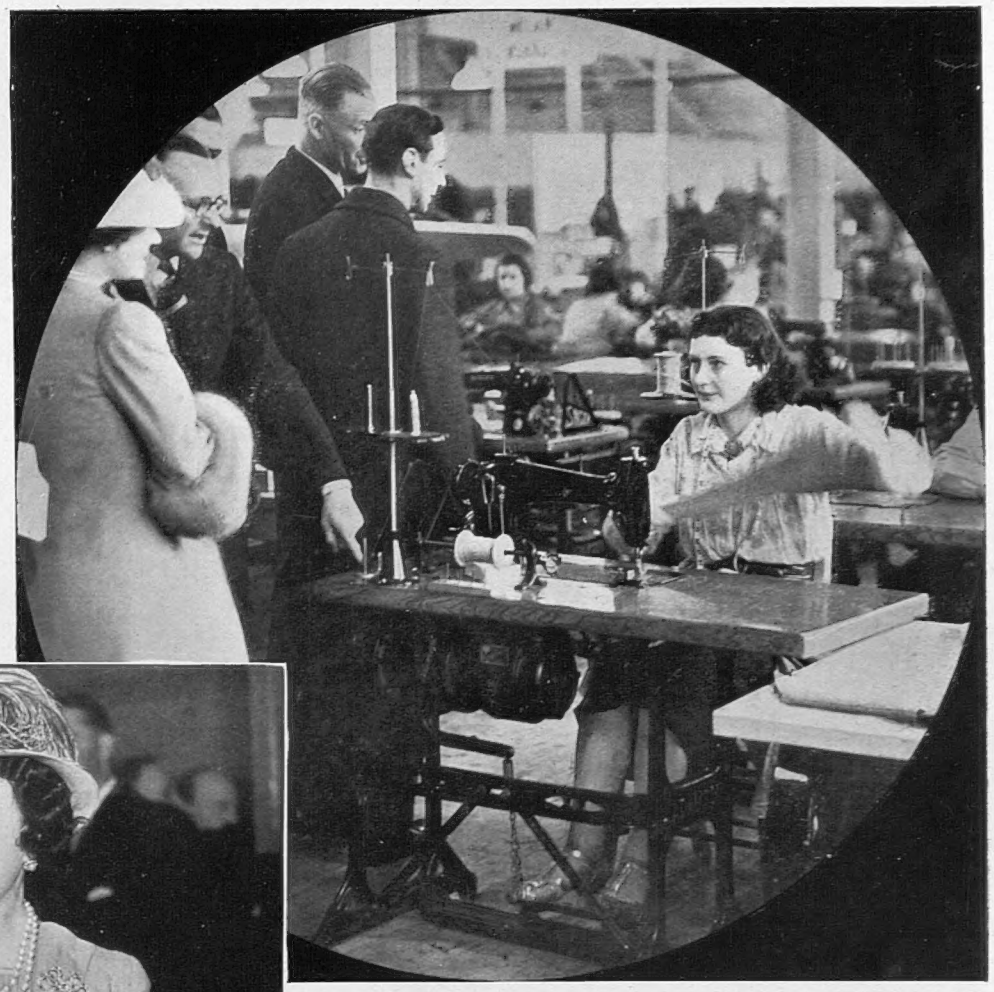
MIRACLE OR FALSE DAWN?

—The effect on our ears was astonishing. We could not, still cannot, believe them. The lions for some days have been roaring as gently as any sucking dove. The sucking doves have at least "raised an upper lip." What has happened to the world to accomplish this welcome, even if temporary, lightening of the last September peered over the crater edge of war and saw the flames licking the rim. In the last months, in my opinion, the world looked over the crater edge of bankruptcy and saw the flames threatening. The utter madness of this intensified armaments race has skies, this miracle? The voice of 95 per cent. of the human race has penetrated to the consciousness of the 5 per cent., as at last it always must. The madness of aggression and the reign of lawlessness are suddenly

PRESENTS FROM SIR JOHN: This was the animated scene in Tiber Street, Islington, last Saturday morning, as drays arrived with the various sections of the first A.R.P. shelters for delivery in the London area to citizens having incomes of less than £250 a year. None of the residents knew that the shelters were arriving so soon, and some complained that there was not really room for them in their tiny, concrete-paved backyards. One householder declared that her shelter would make an excellent summer house

LETTER: By The Old Stager

revealed even to the juggernauts, and the torches have been dashed out in the powder magazine. The ship of civilisation was all but in the teeth of the rocks and all hands are working to wear her off. It is an eleventh-hour conversion, a last-minute awakening, a blessed miracle, none the less. In every sphere there are indications that the incredible is happening. The lion is lying down with the lamb. Britain and France having at last begun resolutely to tackle defence, and America having in clearest language taken her stand against international lawlessness, there has followed a temporary lull in the policy of bullying and hectoring. A new politeness distinguishes diplomatic relations. Appeasement is in the air. Old enemies are getting together in industrial negotiations, the most festering of sores are ceasing instantly to affect the whole body of Europe. Spain, the impossible problem, shows signs—faint possibilities—of working out to a peaceful solution. Outrageous claims are voiced no more, or only in whispers. There is a new chance—just a chance—that the ship of our old civilisation may steer between Scylla and Charybdis. If she do so, Mr. Chamberlain deserves divine honours.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE NORTH-EAST COAST: The King and Queen inspecting a clothing factory on the Team Valley Trading Estate, Gateshead, where, under the supervision of the Commissioner for the Special Areas, a number of light industries have been established in the hope that they will improve the unemployment situation in the district south of the Tyne. *On left*—Her Majesty in conversation with one of the unemployed undergoing a twelve-week course of training at the Ministry of Labour's Gateshead centre. These two pictures were taken on the second day of the arduous Royal tour, which started with the launching of the new battleship, *King George V*, from the Walker naval yard

DEBATE ON DEFENCE.

—To talk for the sake of talking, to oppose blindly because they are in opposition, that seemed to be the idea of the proper duty of Parliament held by the Socialists and other opponents of the Government as evidenced in the Defence debate. With the country solid behind him in his efforts, made and making, for appeasement and defence, Mr. Chamberlain was in a strong position, so strong that he felt justified in mincing his words no longer about the League of Nations. Since the League and its objects, established with high hope, are an ideal in every heart which the frailty of human nature has shattered, all those who came to realise that the League was born too soon have hesitated to declare its complete ineffectiveness at the present time to preserve peace by collective force. One slave could not have raised the Pyramids. Only an entire complement, acting as one man under one mind, could achieve it. There is nothing that reveals more clearly the absence of any constructive policy in Socialism to-day than this flaunting in the Premier's face of the "abandonment of the League." We were the last slave to strain with those blocks of Pyramid stones. When the strongest had fled, we were still breaking our back and destroying our health in the endeavour to achieve the impossible. The whole catalogue of criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's policy to-day is—a heap of bones of a dead donkey. He is gnashed at with the jaw-bone of an ass. The time of Parliament could be much better employed at a moment when, in critical times, his consistent policy is apparently bearing fruit.

CHOOSING A POPE.—

He must be chosen with care, very special care. I suppose never in the history of the Church of Rome was the situation more critical or a right judgment at the Vatican more needed. All over the country rude and ignorant men are making books about the candidates' chances in the forthcoming election whose solemn ritual has no counterpart unless that of the coronation of an English king. It is even more difficult than to make a book about the "National." The horses are all dark horses, and the fences high, and the ditches wide. Liberal or Conservative? Italian or foreign? I think I should give my ignorant vote for a Liberal and an Italian, and a Cardinal under sixty-five years of age. Sixty Cardinals are already gathered together preparing for immolation in the precincts during the solemn days of the Conclave. One or two will arrive too late for the opening. In time past this periodical event has been one of the most romantic and intensely interesting occasions in the history of our civilisation, and much of its traditional mystery and appeal remains. . . . The Requiem Mass for the late Pope in Westminster Cathedral was solemn to austerity. There was none of the gorgeous music which the ignorant expected and many went to hear. The congregation was in its place at 10.45 and did not disperse until 1.15. To the uninitiated the service was hard to follow. The reading of two papal briefs was taken for a preliminary sermon. The mundane honours constantly paid to the Duke of Norfolk, representing His Majesty, seemed to embarrass him and to mystify the congregation, and the *Dies Irae* wound interminably on. Solemn and austere the service indeed was, and the note of hope which beautifies so many funeral services was unheard by those in the audience who were of another faith.

"AND THEN THERE WERE NONE."—

The *Deutsche Wehr* is an authoritative military journal or had that reputation. It has lately published the fruits of its investigations into the armed strength of the democracies. It gives Russia 9,000 planes and an army of 11,000,000 men; Britain 6,000 planes and 2,000,000 men; France 5,000 planes and 5,000,000 men; the U.S. 3,500 planes and 2,500,000 men. Of tanks France is given 4,500 and Britain 600 only. The journal then marshals the forces of democracy. It rules out Russia and the States as "not counting." What remains? France and Britain with a fair supply of death-dealing weapons. "Yet lack they one thing"—man power. Britain has only a few paid mercenaries and France with a vanishing birth rate must rely on coloured bravoes. And even the few surviving whites won't fight. "The democracies lack the ideals to inspire their peoples with the necessary courage for the supreme sacrifice." This is comforting reasoning. But is it soundly based? Whence, for instance, does the *Deutsche Wehr* get its figures? Of our tanks, for instance? They are not very easy to obtain with accuracy. And that last bold statement about lack of courage for the supreme lunacy or sacrifice . . . when and where did we hear the same thing said before? I think it was in Germany about the time of the Battle of the Marne. A dangerous assumption.

A SUNDAY PLUM.—

The "front-page news" that one of the King's secretaries had gone secretly to America to report to the Government on, and to combat, insidious propaganda against the Royal visit was about as mischievous a Sunday news "plum" as you could find. It bears no relation to the truth. The secretary is doing a normal and necessary job in a normal way. He is agreeing and time-tabling that elaborate mass of fixtures and ceremonies in Canada and America.

OLD WHITEHALL PALACE.—

In my youth I used to write—without much grounding—about old London, and the only lecture I ever delivered, to a women's institute whose lecturer had failed them—was on old Whitehall Palace. I had been studying just before that charming model of the palace, lately promoted to the window of the U.S. Institution Museum—the old Banqueting Hall from which Charles Martyr stepped to his death. The model tries to represent that official town of orchard gardens and singing birds as it was when Cromwell succumbed to its far from austere amenities, or when young Monmouth's coach rolled home in the small hours from the revels in Covent Garden. In summer it must have been paradise with its blossoms and lawns. In winter it was not so. Some of the pretty ladies complained very bitterly of the encroaching Thames, which at high tide would invade their kitchens and wash out their dinners, bread on the waters which returned to them after many days in unpalatable form.

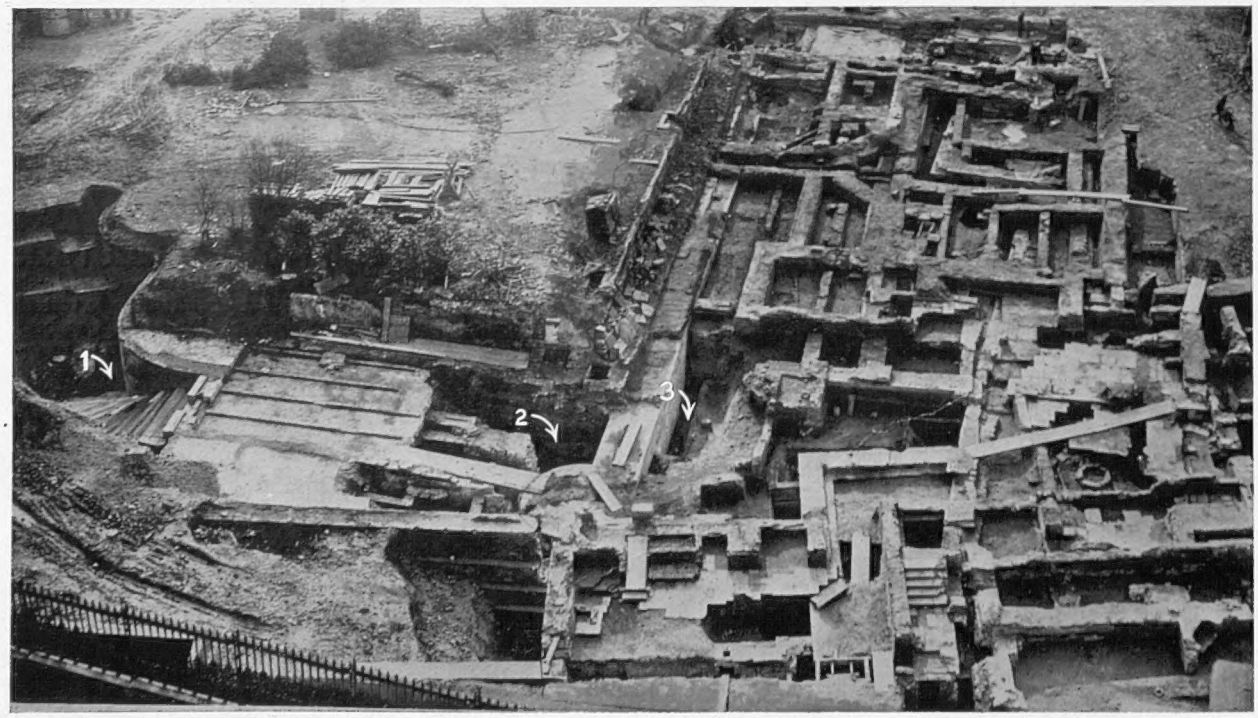
BRAMSHILL'S DEER PARK.

—Lord Brocket has very courteously pointed out that his intention to restock the deer park at Bramshill has been misinterpreted by an inaccurate report in a London daily. The Bramshill deer park has a respectable history. It was enclosed for deer in 1347—600 years ago! The present house, which Lord Brocket has saved, was built for Henry, Prince of Wales, about 1610 by Lord Zouche. The report that Lord Brocket was to turn out deer to roam at will over the countryside has no relation to the facts. The deer will be inside a fenced enclosure, as ever. While they remain inside, they will be an ornament to one of the most ancient deer parks in the country and I am thankful that the glories of Bramshill are to be preserved in safe hands. It is only when park deer roam beyond their enclosures that the native roebuck suffer so severely for what are not always their crimes.

EXCAVATING OLD

Bringing to Light the Ancie Long the Residence of E

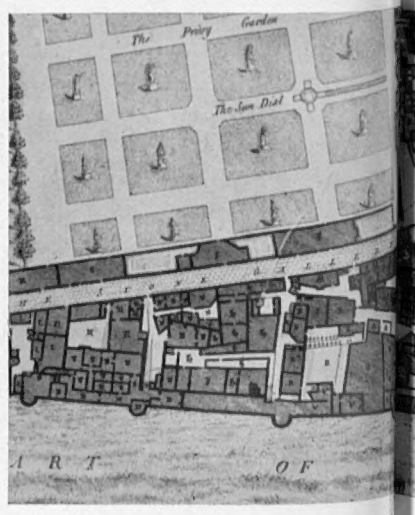
A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY RELIC: The Office of Works is now engaged in excavating the site of Whitehall Palace—the royal residence of Tudor and Stuart days—and in the course of its operations has brought to light this curving flight of steps built for Mary II to Wren's design between the years 1691 and 1693. The flight led down to the Thames from a terrace garden. This was the last addition made to the palace before it was destroyed by fire in 1698 and London lost an architectural adornment that had for long been a witness of the gaieties, solemnities, and dynastic disasters of the monarchy



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS looking south from Whitehall Court. On the right are the rooms occupied in 1670 by the Countess of Falmouth, while in the foreground is the platform built by Wolsey over the foreshore to carry the Privy Kitchens. At the limit of the main excavation is the river wall built by Henry VIII (3) and one of its huge bastions (2). On the left is the north end of Queen Mary's Terrace with steps (1) leading down to the river where in Tudor days royalty embarked

SEARCHING FOR ARCHITECTURAL TREA-SURE TROVE: A view (looking north-west) of the excavations now being con-ducted by the Office of Works on the site of old Whitehall Palace which, from the day when Henry VIII seized the properties of the fallen Wolsey to the advent of William III, was the principal

ONE OF THE SIX BASTIONS OF THE RIVER WALL BUILT BY HENRY VI

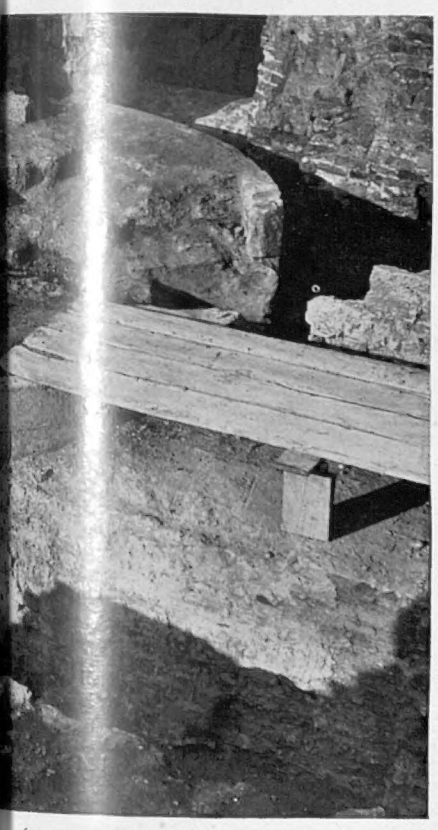


AS IT WAS IN 1680: A detail of Fisher's map of the Palace of Whitehall showing the lay-out of the buildings fronting the river and of the magnificent Pri

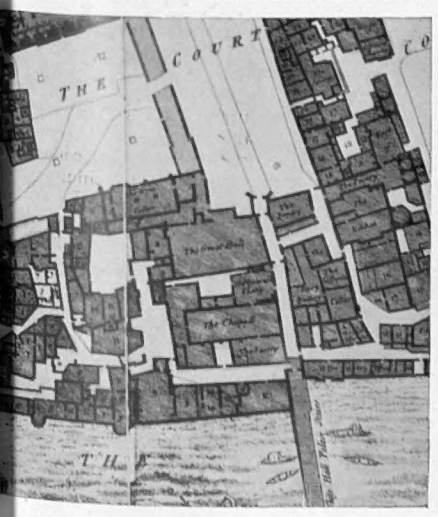
WHITEHALL PALACE

Glories of What Was for land's Kings and Queens

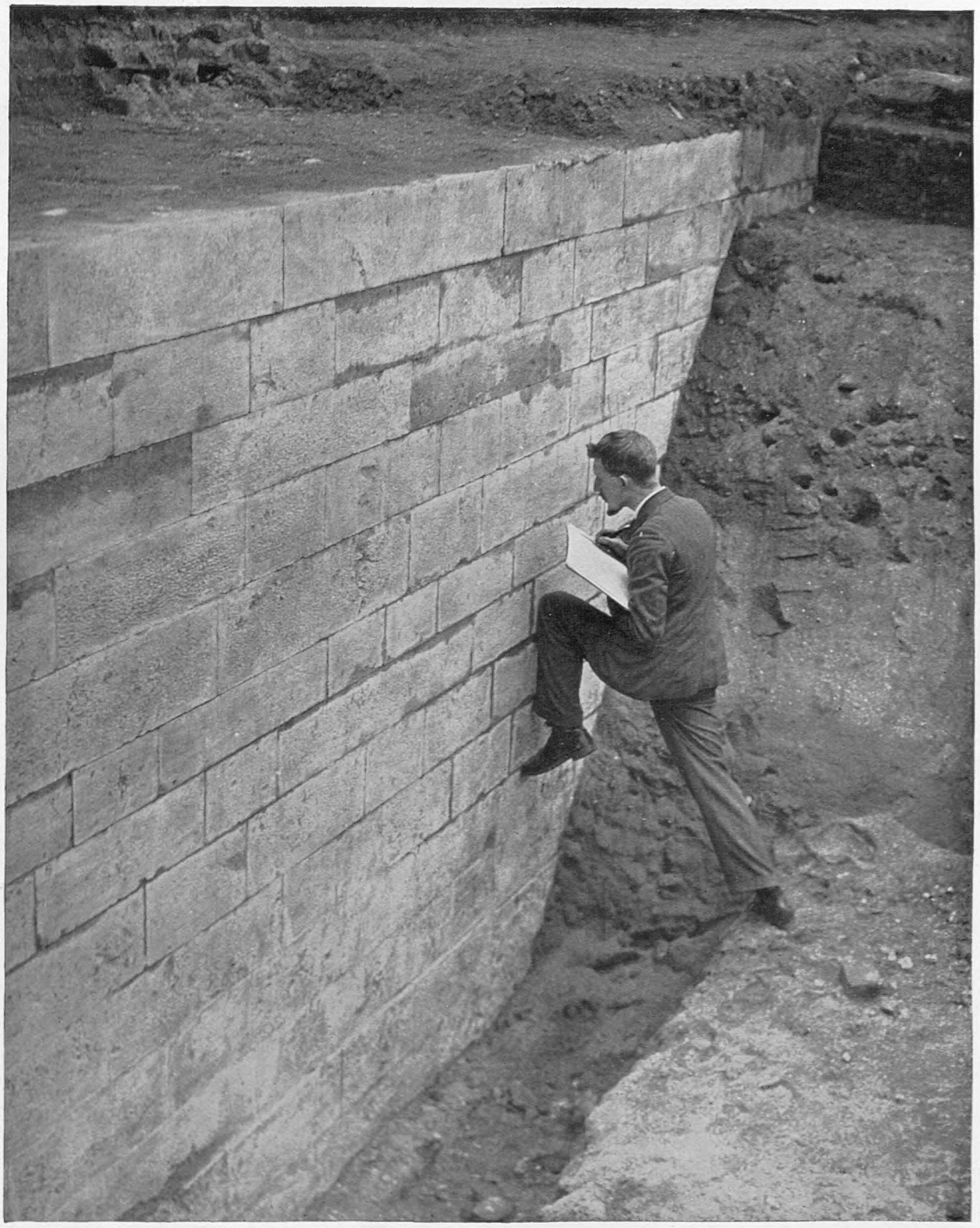
residence of the sovereigns of England. The present excavations have revealed a host of interesting features belonging to five or more centuries and starting with the time when Richard of Ely, Bishop of London, had a house on the site. The men in this picture are working on the foundations of the Queen's apartments, which were rebuilt by Wren



(see print below) after he had seized the Whitehall property from Cardinal Wolsey



Garden situated behind. At this date the palace had almost reached the end of its development and also of its days of glory, for, with the accession of William III, the Court moved



AN EARLY THAMES EMBANKMENT: An Office of Works architect making notes beside the great wall which has been unearthed on the site of Whitehall Palace and which at one time protected the building from the fast-flowing tides. The wall, belonging to the time of Henry VIII, is situated 300 ft. behind the existing embankment and 50 ft. in front of the first embankment to curb the waters of the River Thames—a structure of Kentish ragstone that still stands some 10 ft. above its footings. Over Henry's wall were the Queen's apartments. The foundations of these are also being extensively investigated

THE TILED FLOOR OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHAPEL, which has also been brought to light in Whitehall and evidences the antiquity of the site. The whole subject of early Whitehall is one of enthralling interest, and in the next issue of "The Sphere" it will be dealt with at greater length. It is very gratifying to learn that the Office of Works is making an official record of all the discoveries on the Whitehall Palace site—a document which will be of great help to historian and antiquary

All Eyes are on Vatican City: Where the Sacred College Met This Week to Select a Successor to Pius XI

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST TERRITORIAL SOVEREIGNTY: An overhead view of Vatican City upon which all eyes were turned this week as the Cardinals went into conclave to choose a successor to Pope Pius XI. Dominating the picture is St. Peter's, with its mighty dome designed by Michelangelo, while immediately in front of it is colonnaded St. Peter's Square—scene of so many momentous gatherings in Papal history. The Sistine Chapel, where the voting takes place, is half hidden by the dome. Stretching away to the north-east beyond the chapel is the Papal Palace which has about 1,000 rooms. Near the very centre of the south wall is the Vatican's private railway station

THE Vatican, the world's smallest territorial sovereignty, that inviolable city state set in the heart of Italy's capital and occupying only as much space as would be needed for an 18-hole golf course, is at the moment the centre of world-wide attention, for the choice of a new Pope is no purely spiritual matter solely affecting life in the great Roman Catholic community, but also a factor in high politics that can make or mar the balance of affairs in Europe.

From 1870, the year of the unification of Italy, to 1928, the Sovereign Pontiff was only a guest in his own household; a voluntary prisoner who never left the Vatican or appeared even by representative at any public civil function. The Vatican was the property of the Italian Government, which merely granted the use of it.

In 1929, however, the dispute of nearly sixty years was peacefully closed when Cardinal Gasparri, on behalf of the Holy See, and Signor Mussolini, in the name of Italy, signed the Lateran Treaties, the essential point of which was the effective recognition of the full ownership by the Papal See of the Palace and all other land and buildings within the newly created Vatican City. Since then the Italian Government has had no power to intervene in any way in the Vatican's affairs.

Italy recognises the right of the Vatican to have a diplomatic service, and there are not only diplomatic relations with the Quirinal but with over thirty-five other countries.

For many years the police and guard service within the Vatican has been well organised.

The Guardia Nobile is the mounted bodyguard of the Pope at all public functions and the post of commander is always entrusted to a Roman prince.

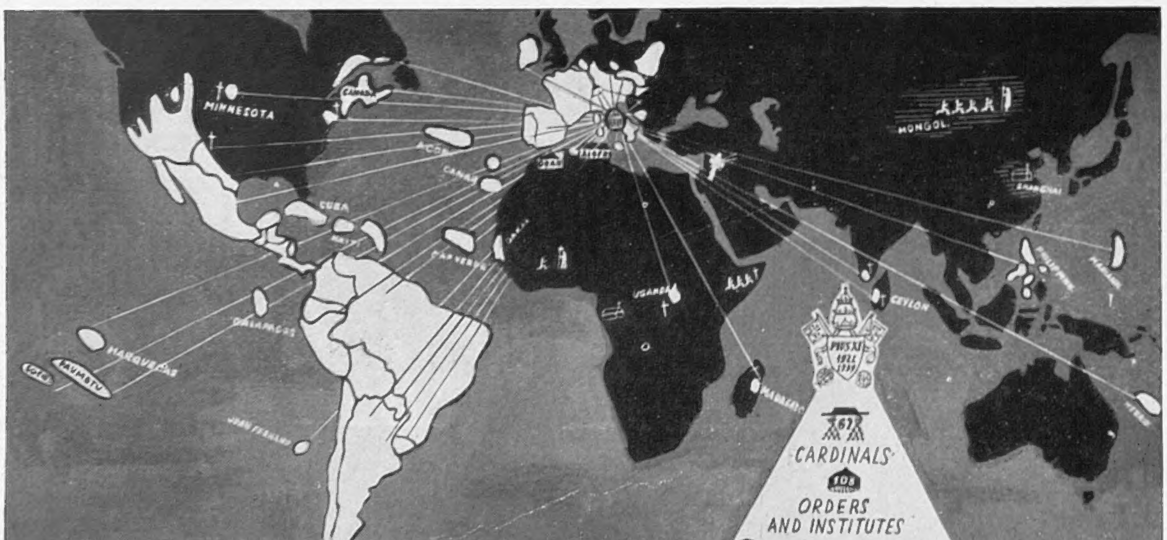
The Palatine Guards (Guardia d'Onore) perform duties at the direction of the Papal Master of the Household. They serve without pay, but have an allowance for uniform.

Then there is the Pontifical Gendarmery made up of Italians who have completed a period of service in the Italian Army and who have certificates of good character from civil and religious authorities. Their main duty is policing the Vatican gardens.

Best known of the Vatican Police Department are the Swiss Guards, whose establishment goes back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, at the instance of Cardinal Schinner, a Swiss, the two cantons of Zurich and Lucerne made a treaty with Julius II whereby they would henceforward supply 250 men as a bodyguard. To-day there are just over 100 of these Swiss Guards. Their language is the German dialect of their home cantons.

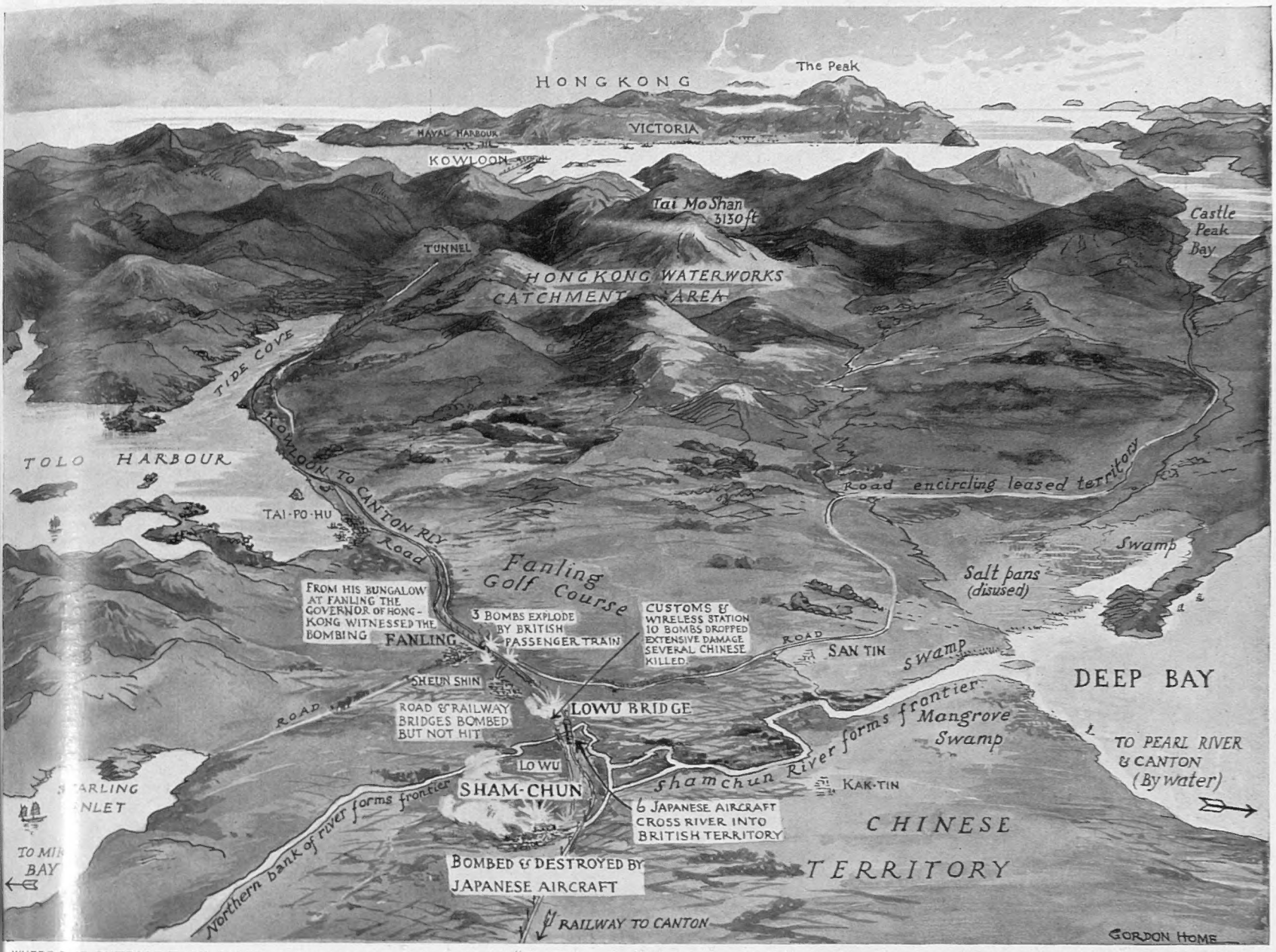
Vatican City has many features that go to make it self-contained. Its newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano*, which prints 50,000 copies daily; its radio station (HVJ), installed by Marconi in 1931 and re-equipped in 1938; its railway station; its law court and (seldom used) gaol; its academy of sciences, its post office and its grocery store, all reflect the extent of the Holy See's resources.

The last census of Vatican City revealed a population of 530 citizens, 389 being Italian, 118 Swiss, 11 French and 5 German.



THE CATHOLIC WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF THE PONTIFICATE OF PIUS XI: A sketch map illustrative of the position of the Church in 1939, showing the long lines of communication stretching out from Rome across the world in which there are no fewer than 353,500,000 members of the faith. Outside Europe, South and Central America have by far the biggest Roman Catholic communities. In Mongolia and Africa converts are shown hastening forward

HONG KONG IN THE WAR ZONE: Japanese Planes Drop Bombs on British Leased Territory



WHERE THE OUTRAGE TOOK PLACE: A sketch map specially drawn for "The Sphere" to show the situation of Fanling in the "New Territories" area of Britain's Hong Kong colony, where Japanese aeroplanes dropped bombs on February 21, killing eight adults and three children. The Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Stafford Northcote, witnessed some of the bombing from the border village of Fanling and, after inspecting the scene with Brigadier Grasett, sent a strong protest to the Japanese authorities in Canton. Responsible quarters are inclined to believe that the bombing was done by over-ambitious airmen. The Royal Hong Kong Golf Club is at Fanling, and the surrounding country is particularly beautiful with pleasantly situated patches of woodland on the gently-rising slopes. In the distance are impressive peaks reaching to 3,000 ft.

With the bombing of a local train just outside Fanling, Hong Kong is coming into the war zone with a vengeance. For Fanling might almost be called the business man's playground. And if the air raid had taken place less early in the day it might have been witnessed, at unpleasantly close quarters, by indignant golfers on the famous and beautiful Fanling links, or even by amazed and incredulous race-goers at the racecourse close by.

For one of the chief functions of the Kowloon-Canton Railway (in the eyes of Hong Kong residents) is to run its regular golfing trains, coupling on the special air-cooled Pullman called the "Canton Belle," in which the busy worker can sit at ease after a strenuous morning at his desk. It is impossible now for Hong Kongites to help wondering if the Japanese will make a further mistake and bomb the train next time on the Hong Kong side of Fanling instead of the other.

In the meantime many people have been killed and injured in British territory, among them an Indian constable—a British subject paid by a British Government. Not to mention the almost complete demolition of one of the Army "blockhouses." Coming as it does right on top of the Japanese occupation of Hainan which (whatever the new occupiers may say with regard to their future intentions) more or less completes the segregation of Hong Kong now that the Japanese hold Canton in the east and the Pratas in the south, this latest incident cannot make the British Colony feel too happy about its future prospects.

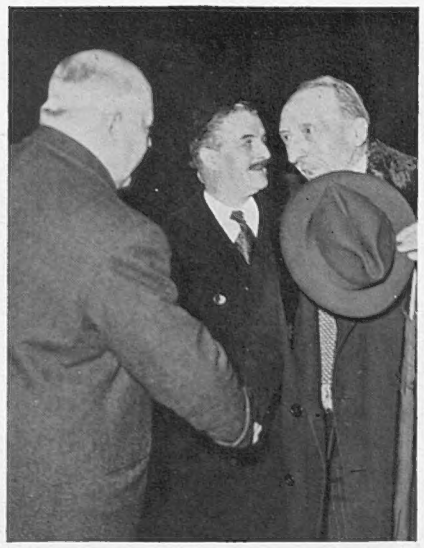
One can hardly blame the Governor for his rigid censorship of the Chinese press in view of the fact that the news of the Fanling air raid and the horrible massacre of the refugee camp at Sham-chun are bound to spread further panic among an already panicky people. The immediate result would be another flood of refugees into the colony, not only from China across the frontiers, but probably also from the many Chinese villages (similar to those at Fanling and Lowu) in the New Territories belonging to Hong Kong, whose inhabitants might justifiably expect to be the next victims. The one idea of a terrified Chinese would obviously be to get into the safety of truly British territory—Hong Kong itself—and with more than four thousand persons entering the colony within twenty four hours of these recent happenings, it was clear that drastic measures had to be taken for the safety of British residents.

Some months ago the writer told of plans which were being made, with Government support, for the housing of refugees "in the event of the Japanese invasion of South China." This is now a thing of the past, and a large percentage of the refugees of that time have since been repatriated. The remainder were housed in a neutral zone set up by the Anglican Bishop of Hong Kong on the frontier of the New Territories and China—Sham-chun, demolished in forty minutes, although the Japanese authorities had been notified of the zone. Apart from the terrible casualties—118 are reported killed and eighty injured, mostly women and children—it has to be remembered that the complete destruction of the camp involves British money. Now the Government are reopening three refugee camps near Fanling and it is to be hoped for everyone's sakes that these will be treated with greater respect.

Meanwhile British Hong Kong (as against the Chinese population) is really feeling things now. They are brought up against the realities of war by the procession of ambulances bringing the wounded to the hospitals. They are feeling the pinch in the way of fruit and vegetables and other such agricultural produce which up till recently had been coming through from Hainan since Canton was cut off. This new panic will probably produce at least temporary chaos among the distributing channels of similar supplies from the New Territories and the near interior; so if food is not actually scarce the cost of living is bound to rise again. In spite of all possible precautions, new floods of refugees are inevitable—i.e., the village elders of Namtua (recently occupied by a landing party of Japanese marines) have evacuated their women and children; and similar precautions may be taken in all districts of the Hong Kong border zone.

Jean Gordon

HARASSING THE INVADER: An engine of a Japanese train overturned on the Chengtai Railway by a band of Chinese guerrilla troops whose repeated attacks of this nature on the lengthening Japanese lines of communication are having a marked effect



SPANISH EVENTS MOVE FAST: *Left*—Señor Azaña seen as he set out from Paris to a retreat in Savoy just before he actually resigned his position as President of the Spanish Republic. He declared that further resistance was useless. *Centre*—M. Bérard (with umbrella), French emissary to Franco, being received by M. Quinones de Leon, a former Ambassador of Monarchist Spain, when he returned to Paris from Burgos after paving the way for France's recognition of the Nationalists. *Right*—The Duke of Alba, Franco's agent in London, who has now taken over the Spanish Embassy

HOLLAND'S DARLING: Little Princess Beatrix having lunch on Princess Juliana's lap at Grindelwald, where they have been on holiday with Prince Bernhard. While this picture was being taken, Prince Bernhard was focussing his film camera on the couple

THE VISIT OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE: Irene Brilliant (in private life Madame Fonck, wife of the French war-time flying ace) and Lise Delamere pictured on arrival in London where the famous company is giving a short series of classic plays at the Savoy Theatre (*see* page 328)

ERIC BOON JUMPED FOR JOY into the arms of one of his seconds after retaining his British lightweight title at Harringay in a gruelling contest with Danahar. It was a spectacular affair from start to finish

SPORT AND BIG BUSINESS were both well represented at the wedding of Miss June Limb, daughter of Mr. Alonzo Limb, a director of the Wakefield oil concern, and Mr. Hugh Webster, the Corinthian footballer. In this picture Lord Wakefield is seen being received by the bride and groom. Standing behind is ace driver Capt. George Eyston

WINDFALL: Although only in the employ of the Gundry family of Hampstead for about four years, Miss Ada Ryan benefits to the extent of £50,000 under the will of Mr. Harold Gundry

WENDY HILLER AND HER BABY: The star of the film *Pygmalion* leaving the London clinic with her infant daughter, who was born nearly a month ago

An A.R.P. Diary

THE PROBLEMS OF EVACUATION

And Other Facets of Air Precautions

SIR JOHN ANDERSON said on February 22 that the more every citizen had some understanding of the meaning and method of A.R.P. the better. Now that method is becoming more visible and he is not left quite so much to worry out his own idea of meaning, the task of the citizen is going to be easier. Perhaps he is too diffident to draw attention to the part he himself has played of late in bringing about the welcome change.

In certain areas he is to have a few deep shelters "in modified form." Not only is the citizen to have his camps, with their beneficent peace-time utility, but these, at present planned to accommodate a mere 17,500, are "likely to be extended," and another piece of welcome news is the possibility, intimated by Mr. Chamberlain at Blackburn on February 22, of engaging the unemployed—"especially the young men"—in their construction. Thus, A.R.P. initiates a great social experiment altogether uncontaminated by the foul topic of which it is born. Lodging-house keepers, being in the "billeting" business, are a little perturbed at the prospect, but the difficulty should not prove insurmountable.

In this business of evacuation, another obstacle, not without its humour, may be less easy. With an eye to hypothetical crises, an acquaintance of the writer had planned to move with her family to Berkhamsted should occasion arise. Subsequently she learnt to her surprise that billets had been secured for her in a village in Wales. Twenty-five years ago she had lived there. A woman who had then been her servant and had since acquired a house of her own was approached the other day by A.R.P. people taking the census of billets in the district. She made no complaints, like more important persons, about not having enough beds or cups and saucers to go round, but merely said that all her available accommodation was already engaged in case of emergency by her old employer and she then sat down and wrote a letter to her old employer to that effect. If this should become the general practice by reluctant residents in reception areas there may have to be a good deal of checking up on putative "friends and relations."

A.R.P. Costs.—The major item in a Supplementary Civil Estimate issued on February 23 is an additional £790,020 for air raid precautionary services, the further additional sum of £192,000 for alterations to and protective measures for public offices, bringing the total A.R.P. estimates for the year to £9,283,400. An item of costs will be materials for strengthening basements. Evacuation and other emergency expenditure during the crisis accounts for £50,000.

National Service and Personal Response.—Mr. Robert Bernays, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, points out that "the whole purpose of our gigantic armaments is to afford a warning to the potential aggressor," whose eyes are "not only on our armament factories but on our recruiting stations" and our "personal response to the National Service Handbook." . . . "The easing of the tension is a tribute to our growing strength."

The *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* Special Correspondent writes a vivid story of the rehabilitation of Barcelona. Months ago the Nationalists had ready organised a group of "Syndical Committees" prepared to take over at a moment's notice every industry in Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia, and Barcelona's Committee was hard at it the day after the entry of General Franco's troops on January 26. Merchants were advanced money for goods and wages: "Pay back when you can; pay your employees in advance; get things moving again, quick."

The result was: money to spend; shops open—empty or stocked; lights; cinemas; music. Air-raid damage gives the chance for new town planning about the shattered docks, the restoration of which, with twenty-three sunken ships blocking berths and channels, will be a long and more difficult task.

The problem of milk for children is serious. Of 10,000 dairy cows originally in the neighbourhood of the city only 700 remain. Republican air-raid shelters will probably be transformed into swimming baths for the poor. Banks are authorised to lend money at nominal rates to owners of houses or business premises which suffered in the raids. A refugee owner who re-entered the city with the troops found his two cotton mills intact. By the following morning, after producing proofs of ownership, he had a large advance from a bank for paying his workmen in advance. And so everywhere, the injunction being "get back to normal with all speed."

Each day in Barcelona the food menus become a little more varied and appetising. The writer describes the fascination during the past four weeks of watching this quickening of a battered city.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

ROME DURING THE PAPAL INTERREGNUM: Prayers Before the Tomb of Pius XI

MEN OF GOD AND MEN OF WAR: Three student monks of the Order of Trinitarians walking past members of the Italian Army in the vicinity of the Gregorian University, the famous seat of learning from which have graduated so many men destined to become pillars of the Roman Catholic faith. The University is situated some distance away from the Vatican in the Piazza della Pilota, in the heart of Rome, yet it belongs to the Vatican State and enjoys extra territorial rights

A LAST PRAYERFUL TRIBUTE TO PIUS XI: Women kneeling before the tomb of the late Pope in the crypt of St. Peter's where devout Catholics have been thronging daily to say prayers for the repose of his soul. The body is placed in three coffins: the first of cypress wood, the second of zinc, and the third of elm. A number of coins and medals struck during the the Pontiff's reign have been placed in the first coffin

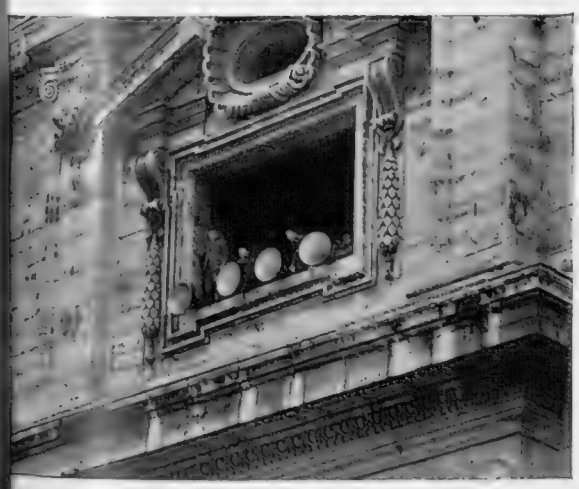
PREPARING FOR THE PAPAL

PUTTING WHITE PAINT ON THE WINDOWS OF THE LOGGIA RAPHAEL: One of many precautions taken in order to ensure that the Cardinals would be completely shut off from the outside world while selecting the new Pope

SCREENING OFF THE CONCLAVE AREA by erecting a temporary brick wall. Another of the many measures that have been adopted, in accordance with time-honoured custom, in order to ensure that the members of the Sacred College have the completest privacy while their deliberations are in progress. *Below*—A carpenter engaged in setting up an extra door

FURNITURE FROM THE STOREHOUSE OF THE PONTIFICAL QUARTERMASTER: Wardrobes, tables a bedding ready to be delivered to the cells prepared for the fifty or sixty Cardinals who on March 1 we incarcerated in the Cortile di San Damaso portion of the Vatican while they deliberated on the vital questi of a successor to Pius XI. *Below*—Setting up the new stove in the Sistine Chapel for burning the voting pape

ELECTION: Activity in the Vatican Precincts



FIXING LOUD SPEAKERS ON THE BALCONY OF BENEDICTION, outside St. Peter's Basilica, so that the new Pope's name could be broadcast to the waiting crowds. *Below*—Numbering one of the cells provided for the Cardinals

CARRYING MATTRESSES INTO THE CONCLAVE APARTMENTS for the use of the Cardinals. How long they will have to remain incarcerated can never be guessed, so before every Papal election the fullest preparations are invariably made. *Below*—Sorting out beds and mattresses. The members of the Sacred College have a staff of servants to look after their welfare during this period and they take an oath to disclose nothing of what passes

A PARLIAMENTARY

M.P.s and Members of the Lords Forgathe

A.A. GUNS, SEARCHLIGHTS, AND DETECTORS were among the many items of military equipment on view at Miles Hill, Aldershot, last week when the Army acted as host to 200 members of both Houses of Parliament, showing them the latest types of weapon now being mass produced under the rearma ment programme. It was a thoroughly efficient display and the visitors must have been much impressed

A POTENT WEAPON OF DEFENCE: Members of the visiting contingent of Parliamentarians inspecting the Bofors 40 mm., a light anti-aircraft gun of Swedish origin, which is to be used by the Territorial Army as well as by the Regular

On left—THE NEW MECHANICAL FIELD SAW, seen here at it cut its way through a heavy plank, was one of the many novelty items that attracted the attention of M.P.s at the Aldershot display. It operates with lightning speed and is highly serviceable in temporary bridge-building work

SESSION AT ALDERSHOT

on Miles Hill to See the Latest Types of Army Equipment

Army. It fires a 2-lb. shell and is probably the best single-barrel weapon of its kind in the world. The display at Aldershot clearly showed that, late though Britain is in rearming her land forces, her arms and equipment to-day reach a very high standard of perfection, clearly rivalling in quality those of any other nation

IN THE INTERESTS OF COMFORT almost every trace of military display has been removed from this proposed battle dress for the soldier which one of the M.P.s is here seen inspecting at the Aldershot display. It will be noted how the trousers taper at the ankle, where they are covered with gaiters. The pack is arranged to afford maximum freedom of movement

Above—UNITS OF AN ANTI-TANK BATTERY OF 2-POUNDER GUNS drawn by caterpillar-mounted "Dragons," which also carry the crews. They negotiated some varied terrain

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MEMBER FOR HILLSBOROUGH, Mr. A. V. Alexander, former First Lord of the Admiralty, inspects the breech of one of the new 3.7-in. A.A. guns, the weapon which is being so largely employed in the defence of London. *On left*—IF TANK SHOULD MEET TANK the anti-tank gun mounted on this tank would prove a decisive factor

EUROPE'S MOST FEARED QUARTETTE

Secret Police Chiefs Who Wield a Terrifying Power Over the Lives of Millions in Contemporary Europe

A GREAT deal has been heard of the enormous number of names reputed to be on General Franco's punishment list—"justice," "reprisals," "vengeance," "retaliation," call it what you will. Shocked, no doubt, by a round figure frequently put in Franco's mouth of late—2,000,000—Britain and France sought to extract a clemency undertaking from the conqueror.

Whatever the total of names entered on the fateful ledger during the past thirty months, it is manifestly wrong to refer to "the slaughter list," inasmuch as a variety of punishment is already being meted out by the competent body, the Auditoria, or legal arm of the Nationalist Army—sentences that run from death by shooting to a fine worked out so as to injure the trembling economic structure in the least possible degree. That a considerable number may be executed without public notice ever being made thereof is deemed to be tragically likely in certain quarters. Nevertheless, it is safe to assume that the majority of those on the black list will eventually hear such sentences as fines, banning from the State services and from other jobs, removal to other parts of the country and enforced domicile there on a ticket-of-leave basis, withdrawal of civil and national rights, exile. Profiting by what other dictators have had to contend with from exiles, the Spanish Generalissimo is said to have decided on a minimum of such.

THREE OF THE "BIG FOUR": Herr Himmler (*left*), head of Germany's political police, the force that completely holds the Reich in its grip. *Centre*—Signor Bocchini, Mussolini's powerful police chief, who has held office for thirteen years and helped to nip many a plot in the bud. *Right*—M. Beria, of the Soviet, who may turn out to be more humane than his dreaded predecessors

One man only has the correct idea concerning what is going to happen to "Franco's black list." At present he can still only be referred to as "Colonel X." This is the powerful force at the head of the Auditoria which has not less than 250 officers at work in Barcelona alone, rounding up and classifying for trial a total variously stated to be between twenty and thirty thousand. Yet it is unlikely that the Colonel's identity can be kept secret indefinitely in the New Spain, if only because he has been so long on his present job—five years—and that very shortly he should emerge as the Spanish equivalent of other Fouchés of the day, on a par with such celebrated and dreaded chiefs of secret police as Heinrich Himmler of the Gestapo, Arturo Bocchini of the Ovra, and Beria, newly appointed successor to Yezhoff, late of the Ogpu.

Colonel X has a similar secret police chieftaincy clearly waiting for him in that totalitarian Spain as good as already ushered in; in fact, his looks like being as stern and comprehensive a job as that of any of his forerunners, who had not to go to work in the wake of terrible civil war.

Progressively, as the Nazi-pattern state is grafted on to Spain under the impetus of enthusiast Suñer, Colonel X's department will index and file away the private life of every Spaniard worth noting. The Colonel will have had good opportunity to learn his role, having been engaged on the same class of work twice in Asturias.

Who are these men who rise so frighteningly to occult power over the lives of hundreds of millions in contemporary Europe?

The Spaniard has evidently been a professional soldier, probably on the intelligence staff of the army. Not so a Himmler. Executively, omitting the godhead Führer, Himmler is to-day the second most powerful man in the Third Reich, after Göring. Himmler is head of the *élite* "S.S." or Black Guard, by which the Brownshirts are kept in their place; he rules the political police that holds all Germany in its grip; he is a member of the Uschla which sits in judgment on party chiefs. And not so many years ago Himmler was the merest cypher, going from meeting to meeting in south Germany, eavesdropping, and known, if known at all, for never being without his attache case, by opening which he could increasingly tell intimately of this and that person in Germany of the post-war years.

Himmler's first love was the "Warflag" secret society founded by Roehm. But the small, pale, bespectacled, shy young ex-officer, always carrying his files about with him, had no use for the beery evenings that followed meetings in Munich and elsewhere. Himmler would go straight back to his lonely room and add new entries to his records and pore over past ones. This was his passion: to keep up to date and accurate everything reflecting on the personal interests and actions, even thoughts, of Germans who mattered. He certainly must have been born to it; and the meticulous care he gave to the endless compilation, which he would resume each morning at 6 a.m., was ultimately to conduce to the mass of information by skilful use of which the Nazis managed in part to undermine their opponents.

If, in the early days, Roehm's men wanted to know what they might come up against did they try to convene secretly at such and such a spot, they only had to ask Himmler. The strength of the adversary, the political tendencies of such and such persons, their vices, family scandals, what they earned, where and how, all had been duly entered up. But that was as far as Himmler ever went: he never appeared at any rough house.

Never in the slightest sense himself a leader, he kept looking out year after year for the right

By

FERDINAND TUOHY

man to follow. For long it was the ill-fated Gregor Strasser, that brilliant pioneer who was ahead of one Adolf Hitler in the early times. Then a day came when Himmler fell entirely and permanently under the spell of the Austrian, with the latter's burning crusade against Jews, Socialists, Democrats. Hitler, for his part, realised at once what value he could draw from the cold, passionless, then secretary of Gregor, and lost no time in taking Himmler on as sleuth-in-chief to the struggling Nazi Party; and with his records that now filled two rooms, Himmler passed to the service of the Führer under whom occult work swelled in two directions: intimate files had to be kept bearing on all important members of the Party, no less than upon political antagonists and personalities of the Weimar State.

Himmler's first notable success with his new master centred on the purity of the race doctrine of which the world has since heard so much. He won over the Leader to the creation of a racially superior guard (the Schutzstaffel) that would keep in check Roehm's bolshevistically-tilted and more plebeian "S.A." How thoroughly Himmler was to acquit himself of this task became dramatically evident one summer's day five years ago when he went to Hitler with a list of those who should be removed in the notorious clean-up that found Roehm himself indicted as No. 1 (alleged) conspirator.

In more recent times Himmler has gone from success to success. Besides promotion to the vital overseeing posts mentioned earlier, he has lately taken the leading part in defending the Third Reich against spies, an added role which may take him on "private" or "pleasure" trips to foreign countries. He also presides over the personal safety of the Führer, as when he went to Rome at the head of a small army of German detectives, prior to Hitler's visit to Mussolini. And it is Himmler, too, who advises the Führer concerning which beheadings should not be interfered with—and few are.

While it is not in the Nazi philosophy to regard any man as indispensable, Heinrich Himmler must currently be as near that description as any other in the Reich. Without a doubt successors are being trained, and the astounding Himmler files will be passed on in their entirety should anything cut short the German Fouché's career, yet it is probable none the less that with him a deeply personal force would go that could not be fully replaced.

A good example of the specially strong positions occupied by totalitarian chiefs of police, overt and secret, is afforded by Arturo Bocchini who has been installed for nearly thirteen years at the Palazzo Viminale, despite the so-called rotative system by which even the highest and most qualified Fascist heads of departments have to vacate their posts in order that others may learn the ropes, thereby experiencing a sense of command and of authority. The Duce's own "Fouché" simply cannot be spared; he holds too many countless intimate strings; the Bocchini brain is a repository of most of the secrets of Italy.

Bocchini is a smallish, corpulent, heavy-jowled man, by career belonging to the bureaucratic class. He had arrived at middle age when given the prefecture of police at Genoa; prior to this, his one claim to attention had been his audacity in suppressing Premier Nitti's "Royal Guard" intervention in 1921.

It was now 1926 and the attempts on Mussolini's life had become so frequent that their victim had announced he was "the walking target for all the lunatics and criminals of Italy." In less than twelve months four serious attempts on the Duce's life had been perpetrated. First, the war-hero and Socialist deputy, Pito Zaniboni, set up a sniper's post, with appropriate sighting, at a window facing the balcony of the Chigi Palace, upon which the well-hated one was due to orate. Discovery in the nick of time: thirty years' solitary confinement, still being served. Second, the light-headed Irishwoman, Violet Gibson, fired twice at Mussolini as he was descending the steps of the Capitol, wounding the dictator on the nose (but he continued on to review the budding fleet the same day). The assailant was sent home to her family after some months' detention.

A few months later, and the anarchist, Luceti, hurled a bomb at the Duce's motor-car as it was traversing the Piazza del Popolo. Small damage, and this has been the attempt the authenticity of which not a few in Rome have always doubted. Was it a put-up job in order to enhance a waning popularity of the Leader, due to the repressions on liberty he had latterly introduced, for this was the year of the suppression of a free parliament, of a free everything.

The fourth attempt was the nearest shave of all: someone fired on the Duce as he was tramping with stalwarts through the main street of Bologna. The Head of the Government was wearing the Collar of the Annunziata, making him "a cousin" of the King, and that fact deflected the bullet from his breast. A youth named Zamboni was lynched on the spot. Was he the guilty party? In Italy, there has also been doubt ever since on this head. People still assert that the shot was fired by one of the Duce's own bodyguard, and that the culpable hand either was not noticed, or had to be "forgotten" until a later day.

But this is becoming a tale of criminal attempts. Let me cut it short by saying that the technique of protecting dictators has made great and seemingly successful strides since that Bologna day. And that Arturo Bocchini has been responsible more than any other for its gradual introduction. There has been no attempt on the Duce since Bocchini came to town, or none admitted, which may be a different thing.

Evidence exists that to-day the method is to hush-hush such attempts on dictators, whereas in the past, when the men of destiny were earning a very necessary popularity, the practice would be to trumpet attempts forth, to seek thereby to make the leaders martyrs to duty.

At all events, the Duce decided that the Italian police needed improving and that it was up to Bocchini to alter matters.

Anti-Fascism had reached its height within Italy and the newcomer made it his first job to combat this wave and soon the special tribunals, the prisons, and the Islands of *Confino* were telling of his activities. Particularly, Bocchini won the confidence of his master by an ability to expose plots and perils on the very zero hour.

Having established himself in favour, next move was the infinitely delicate one of cleaning out the Fascist Party itself. This had become a notorious refuge for wrong 'uns of all kinds; the public had not ceased to look askance at it since the Matteotti murder two or three years before. So Bocchini pitched into things with a will, not stopping at very influential figures. It was his secret services that

(*Continued on page 335*)

"The Sphere" Surveys the World

THE WORLD SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ZAKOPANE: A glimpse of the crowd, with the flags of many nations waving above, which gathered at this resort in the Tatra mountains, Poland, to watch internationally-famed skiers compete against each other. *Above on left*—Zakopane's jumping hill and part of the new stadium where 30,000 spectators were able to watch the contests in comfort. Zakopane is becoming increasingly well known among the ski-ing fraternity throughout Europe and it has a very gay night life

AN EMBRACE FROM THE DUCE for a member of his black-uniformed bodyguard of Musketeers when he reviewed the corps on the 16th anniversary of its foundation. It consists of 200 selected officers—all veterans of the March on Rome

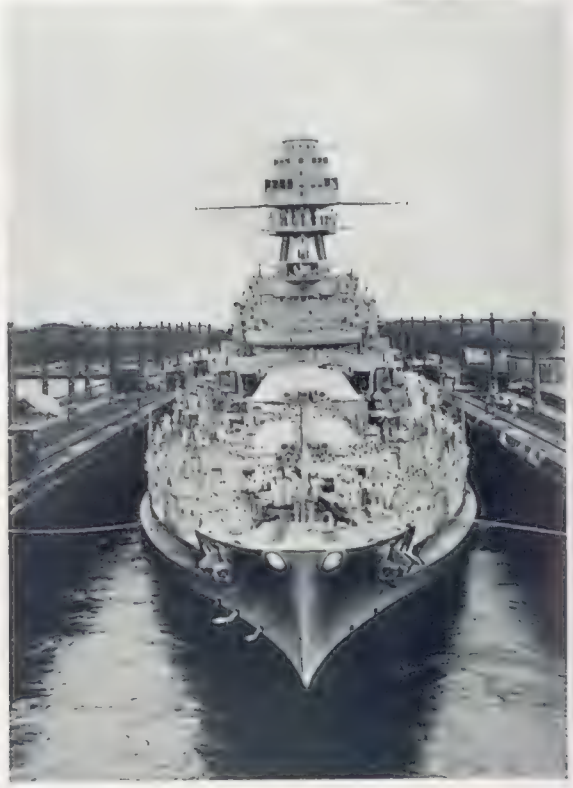
HITLER'S NEW CHANCELLERY: The imposing offices which have just been inaugurated in Berlin by the Führer, who marked the occasion by addressing the workmen who helped in its construction. It is only in one sense the Chancellor's headquarters, for he prefers to work in the solitude of the Bavarian Alps

LUNCHING IN THE GROUNDS OF CAIRO ZOO: Lady Lampson, wife of the British Ambassador to Egypt, in conversation with Chazli Pasha, Governor of Cairo, when the latter entertained on the occasion of King Farouk's nineteenth birthday

A GENEALOGICAL DISCOVERY LEADS TO A NEW CABINET IN HUNGARY: Count Paul Teleki (centre, seated) pictured with his colleagues after the formation of their ministry which succeeds that of M. Imredy but is pledged to much the same policy; namely, land reform and anti-Semitism. It is understood that M. Imredy resigned largely because of the disclosure of the fact that he has a slight tinge of Jewish blood, his great-great-grandparents on the maternal side having been orthodox Jews. In view of this he felt it was not consistent with his conscience to pilot the anti-Jewish Bill through Parliament. Count Teleki, the new Premier, is a senior statesman of great authority who has been in politics many years

BATTLING FOR THE PANAMA LIFE-LINE

American Naval Manœuvres Staged at the Eastward Approach to the Vital Canal



BETWEEN TWO OCEANS: The aircraft-carrier *Lexington* (*on left*) and the battleship *Pennsylvania* (*above*), two giant units of the U.S. fleet, seen in the Panama Canal. The canal is much in the news at the moment because plans are on foot to duplicate its lock system, thus ensuring that one act of sabotage in war time could not delay the passage of the fleet at a vital moment. In addition a large-scale mimic battle is now being fought in the neighbouring Caribbean, the idea being to test arrangements for defending the canal's eastward approach

A KEY-POINT OF THE SUB-TROPIC SEAS: A sketch map showing the area (shaded) which one American fleet is defending against another in a mimic battle staged with the object of revealing the strength of the naval defences at the eastward approach to the Panama Canal

BLUEJACKETS OF THE "BLACK FLEET," which has been operating in the West Indies under Admiral Andrews, hauling artillery along the shore of an island they have occupied in the course of their mimic battle with the "White Fleet." Shore operations have played a big part in this engagement which has been on a most elaborate scale

THE SPEED MERCHANT: The American heavy cruiser *Salt Lake City*, 9,100-ton vessel of the Pensacola class, ploughing through heavy seas at a fast clip when engaged on scouting work in the Caribbean. The *Salt Lake City*, which was completed nearly ten years ago, can steam at 30 knots with 60 per cent. h.p. At low speeds she rolls rather heavily, but it has been found that she is wonderfully steady, even in bad weather, when travelling at her usual cruising speed of above 20 knots

VIGOUR IN EVERY LINE: This miniature of the Mogul School, entitled "A Prince Hunting," by Ali Quli, is one of the magnificent items in the Chester Beatty collection which is to be on view in London next week. It is a brilliantly detailed picture, with the Prince shown in the centre loosing an arrow and bringing down a deer when riding at full gallop. As the hunted animal turns head over heels, other creatures rush madly past to escape the oncoming hoofs. The courtiers are seemingly applauding their master's prowess

WHEN AN EASTERN PRINCE WENT HUNTING

A Graphic Miniature of the Mogul School on View in London

Many people have heard of Mr. A. Chester Beatty's fine collection of Oriental manuscripts and miniatures, Korans and Biblical papyri, and now art lovers are to have an opportunity of seeing these treasures, for on March 8 and 9 an exhibition of them is to be held at Baroda House, 24, Kensington Palace Gardens, London, W.8, in aid of the funds of the Y.W.C.A.

The exhibition will include some very choice Persian and Indian manuscripts and paintings, e.g., a collection of poems by Amir Khasrau, dated 1485, some of the illustrations in which are attributed to Bihzad; an early fourteenth-century example of Firdausi's epic Shah Namah, paintings from the royal album belonging to the great Mogul emperors, and illustrated manuscripts depicting the life of Akbar the Great, written by his Prime Minister, Abul Fazl, and illustrated by Mukund and other Indian court painters of the time.

On each of the two days Mr. J. V. S. Wilkinson and Mr. Basil Gray will give short talks and will also conduct groups of visitors round the rooms, explaining points that are of special interest.

THE NAVY AT WORK:

Units of Our Fast-growing Fleet

A NEW CLASS TO PATROL OUR SEA LANES: Depth-charges for use against submarines and 4-in. guns for use against aircraft seen on board H.M.S. *Egret*, a modern type of escort vessel with an unusually heavy armament for her size (1,200 tons). The *Egret* was commissioned for service last November and is a sister ship of the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, the only difference being that the latter carries a big deckhouse aft as she is largely employed on naval-social occasions

SPEEDING THROUGH STILL WATERS: A [illegible] one of the 10,000-ton cruisers of the [illegible] in 1928 and, in common with two [illegible] refitted in 1935-36, being given accom[illegible]

Britain's New Aircraft-carrier

A bow-on view of the 22,000-ton *Ark Royal*, Britain's new aircraft-carrier, which was commissioned last November and is now cruising in Mediterranean waters in order to give the personnel an opportunity of familiarising themselves with the ship. The various lifts from the hangars can be seen on the flight-deck

A stern view of the *Ark Royal*, show[illegible] The carrier will accommodate over seve[illegible] ever been built in this country express[illegible] been converted or adapted after laying [illegible] of 1,550 officers and men is the lar[illegible]

The Wonders of H.M.S[illegible]

A fine impression of H.M.S. *Cornwall*, of the Kent class. She was completed with two of her sister ships, extensively accommodation for additional aircraft

aircraft ranged on the flight-deck. ...planes and is the first that has ...the purpose, the others having ... The *Ark Royal's* complement ... of any ship in the Royal Navy

H.M.S. "Ark Royal"

One of the six new, high-speed motor launches, built for the Royal Navy by Thornycroft's, pictured during trials on the lower reaches of the Thames. These launches are carried on warships for use as fast-service tenders, and can touch about 20 knots. Their easy handling and quick acceleration are notable features

All Out on the Tideway

HEADING FLORA'S DANCE

A carpet of snowdrops beneath the trees at Witherslack Hall, Westmorland, tells that spring is once more approaching

FISHING ON THE DART

Captain R. Rendell and Mr. Henry Dagger trying their luck in Black Pool on the upper reaches of the Dart near Holne Chase

ANNEXING ANTARCTIC TERRITORY:

Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth and His Fantastic Bid for 430,000 Square Miles That Has Already Been Claimed

SIXTY years ago when the European Powers were preparing to carve the rich brown roast of Africa, spitted on the Equator, there was much talk of spheres of influence, protectorates, and colonies; but it would have been thought absurd then that nations should ever compete for white wedges of the great rock-cake of Antarctica lying on the platter of the polar circle, its very outline obscured by the overflowing icing.

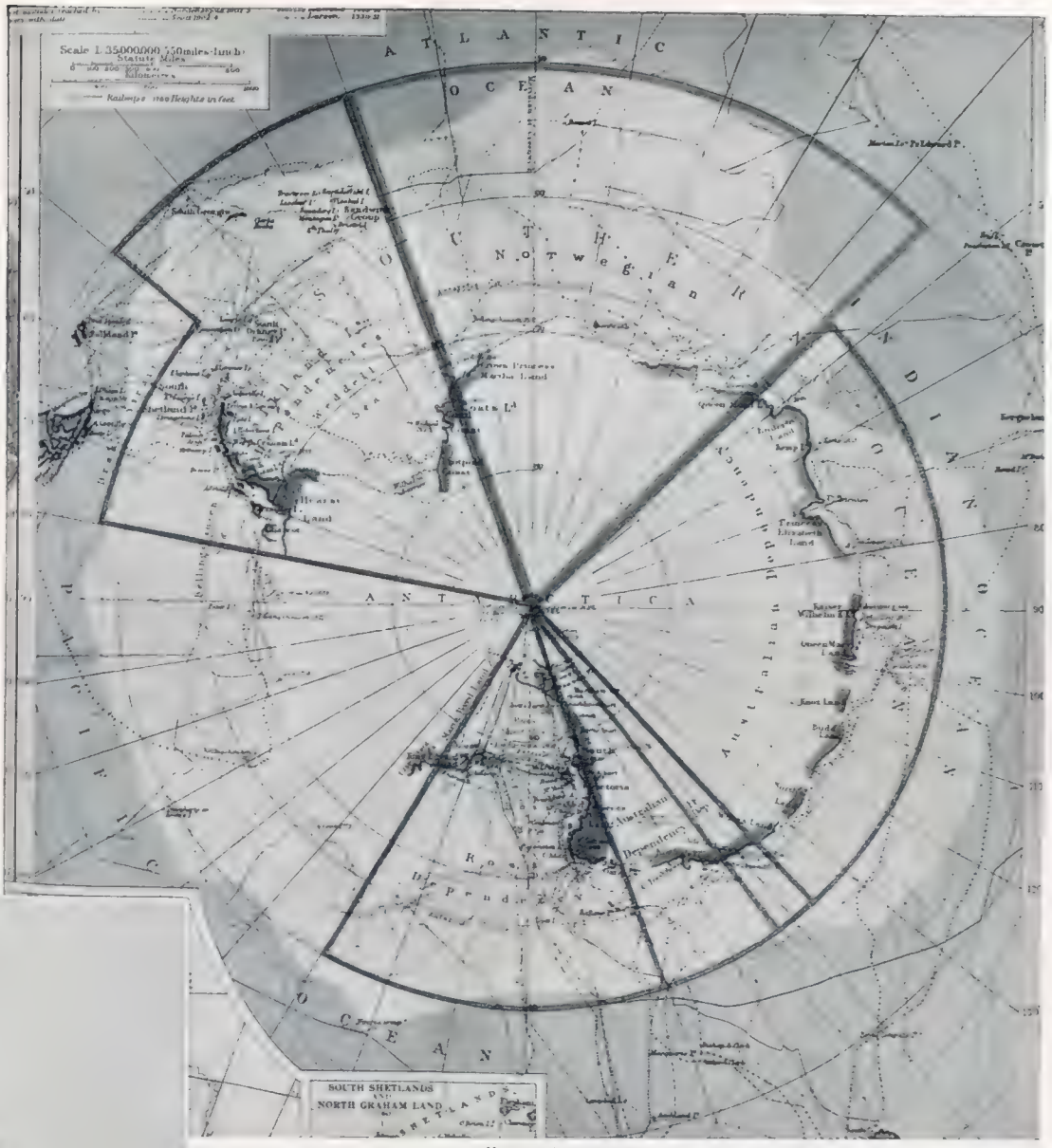
But now it is matter-of-fact news that Norway has asserted its sovereignty over a sector of the Antarctic continent between the meridian of 45 deg. E. and 20 deg. W., and that Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, flying southward from Enderby Land, has cast his eye over hundreds of thousands of square miles of new snow-covered land and from the air has claimed it all for the United States.

Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth's claim is not to be taken seriously, for the land has no coast and can only be entered across foreign territory. This must not be taken to mean that the United States have no rights in the Antarctic. The two fine expeditions of Admiral Byrd took him into Marie Byrd Land beyond the eastern limit of the Ross dependency and Mr. Ellsworth's own great flight two years ago from the Weddell Sea to Little America took him right across the unclaimed sector between the dependencies of the Falkland Islands and Australia. Moreover, Admiral Byrd has pushed from the Pacific into the pack ice off that undiscovered coast farther than any other explorer, and an American Antarctic territory would gracefully complete the circle of southern dependencies of the democratic nations, their boundaries radiating from the South Pole.

The question of the right of an individual to annex land for his government has been much discussed, but experience shows that the patriotic explorer is just as likely to be snubbed as to be thanked by his government unless he has its mandate to act. Although rights to new lands may be dependent on priority of discovery, they are more likely to require at least an actual landing and possibly some proof of occupation or exploitation, and in all cases the declared intention of the government to assume the responsibility of sovereignty is essential.

Before considering the map of modern territorial divisions in Antarctica now before us, we may refer to earlier maps, especially as that continent is unique in having been mapped before discovery.

Cartographers of the sixteenth century, disliking blank spaces, had woven known landfalls and unconfirmed reports of discoveries in mid-ocean into the coast line of a fantastic continent swelling from the South Pole far into the tropics of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Toying with this outline in 1605 a lively Cambridge undergraduate sketched in imaginary rivers, mountains and the boundaries of countries. Then, as R. L. Stevenson did nearly 300 years later, he wrote a story of adventure about the map, much in the style of Rabelais but delicately veiled in the Latin tongue.



Map specially prepared for THE SPHERE *by London Geographical Institute*

THE GREAT ROCK CAKE OF ANTARCTICA, for slices of which the nations have of late been bidding with a show of interest that would have been thought absurd half a century ago. Only last month it was announced in Oslo that Norway had formally annexed the segment between 20 deg. W. and 45 deg. E., while it was heard with great surprise that Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, the American, had laid claim on behalf of the U.S. to 430,000 sq. miles of territory which turns out to be in the Australian Antarctic Dependency. Such a claim is hardly likely to be backed up by the U.S. Government

THEY GOT THERE FIRST: Sir Douglas Mawson leading the cheers when his expedition of 1929-31 unfurled the Union Jack in Princess Elizabeth Land which now forms part of the Australian Antarctic Dependency. The news that Lincoln Ellsworth has just claimed 430,000 sq. miles of this Dependency's hinterland for the United States and has decided to name it after Princess Elizabeth would seem to indicate that he has not studied sufficiently the past records of exploration in the Antarctic

Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century a famous Fellow of the Royal Society was so convinced of the existence of a great temperate southern continent that he induced that learned body to petition the Government to send out an expedition to discover it. This task was committed, on his second voyage, to Captain James Cook whose orders were to find and take possession of the continent if it existed, and to deal very kindly with the natives.

The voyage swept the whole mythical continent off the face of the earth, and Cook declared that if any vestige of a south land existed it must be within the Antarctic Circle where even if it could be reached it would prove absolutely useless. All the land he could annex for George III was the dreary Isle of Georgia, east of the Falklands.

The nineteenth century saw the resumption of exploration in a few far-between spasmodic efforts which traced the rough outline of Antarctica.

In 1823 the Weddell Sea, south of the Atlantic, was found to reach at least to 73 deg. S., and in 1840 the Ross Sea, south of the Pacific, was discovered reaching to 78 deg. S. It was bounded on the west by high mountains and terminated to the south in a vast vertical cliff of ice over 300 miles in length. Detached portions of land were also found along the Antarctic Circle south of Australia and the Indian Ocean, and during the twentieth century the outline was completed, all but a stretch south of the Pacific Ocean and east of the Ross Sea.

The efforts of explorers were directed in the first place to reach and map the coast line and the off-lying islands. It proved a very difficult task on account of the sea being frozen for many months every year and always obstructed by drifting ice-floes and icebergs often smothered in fog. The coast where it could be reached was formed of steep rocks separating cliffs of ice where glaciers break off, or merging into flat-topped floating masses of immense thickness attached to the land. A beach of any kind is extremely rare and it is very difficult to say where the coast line actually lies.

Most inland exploration has been carried out by laborious sledge journeys which have been possible only from these landing places in or near the Ross Sea and from one west of the Weddell Sea. In recent years aeroplane flights with a few landings have greatly extended the distances traversed. It has now been fully established that the interior is a great plateau rising to about 10,000 ft., covered with an unknown depth of snow consolidating into glaciers in the valleys and buttressed by great mountain ranges.

There are no inhabitants except the members of occasional expeditions, no animal life except for birds and seals on the coast. No minerals worth transporting have been found and it would seem that no inducements exist for the partition amongst civilised nations of so inaccessible and resourceless a region.

Early explorers called attention to the great number of whales frequenting Antarctic waters, and the Norwegian whalers in the last years of the nineteenth century developed a technique which at first required the use of harbours for the process of cutting up whales and extracting the oil and other products. Later the use of floating factories was introduced, but before this had become general the colonial government of the Falkland Islands found that South Georgia and some of the South Shetlands contained suitable harbours and began to draw revenue from licences granted to the whalers. *(Cont. on page 332)*

ON BOARD THE "WYATT EARP": Sir Hubert Wilkins (left) commander of the base ship, in conversation with a friend at Cape Town before the Lincoln Ellsworth Expedition set out for the Antarctic last year. The *Wyatt Earp* reached civilisation again when it touched at Hobart at the beginning of this month and it was then that Ellsworth's astounding claim was made

THE DOCTORS OF THE FUTURE: Medical students conducting an examination under the eyes of an expert. By walking the wards and coming in contact with all sorts of cases these young men very soon acquire the practical experience that means so much more than written examination achievement

Where They Use

200 MILES OF BANDAGE EVERY YEAR

Some Facts and Figures Regarding the Immense Cost of Running a Great Hospital

"WHAT does it feel like to be running a hospital?" I asked the head of one of the most famous hospitals in the world. "Rather like being a Prime Minister without being able to rely on income tax," was the reply, and I cannot think of a better simile.

Without income tax the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not even begin to balance a Budget. Without charity, which could be described justly as a voluntary tax on our consciences, and therefore a fickle thing, none of the great hospitals could exist. And so we have throughout the country a great national industry, the healing of the sick, causing a headache to the "Prime Minister" of the concern (whose probable title is Governor) and to the "Chancellor," who controls the purse strings and is feared by every department as the Treasurer.

And no wonder that they fear the Treasurer and his report. There is hardly a hospital in the land, barring those subsidised by local authorities, which is not in debt. But still they carry on giving the best service available, giving services free, for which rich people would be paying 10, 50, 100 guineas. And it is all because, as I learned from the many people I spoke with, the great industry of supplying health, or rebuilding health, is a job requiring very little recompense beyond a love of fellow human beings. That is the sole reward from great surgeons, who give their services free, to probationer nurses on a minute salary.

But to get down to a few hard facts. Take the cost of running a big hospital. I am talking of one of the greatest hospitals in the world. No one pays unless they can afford to do so. There is no paying patients' wing.

In the course of the year 70,000 gallons of milk are needed, and 93,600 lbs. of meat. That alone would be a nice bill for any housewife to face. Curiously enough, fish, which is normally thought of as an invalid's diet, only amounts to 38,240 lbs. Eggs, of course, provide a top figure of 250,000 every year.

A hospital must be kept warm, and that means 5,000 tons of coal a year, while the lighting bill comes to £3,500 per annum.

I have been trying to work out the space a year's supply of cotton-wool would occupy. Try it on a quiet evening. One pound goes to a roll 14 ins. long and 5 ins. in diameter. It is as light as any material you can imagine, yet 3 tons of it are used every year. Since cotton-wool and bandages go so close together, with gauze, I made further inquiries. Some 300,000 yards of gauze are used every year, and approximately 200 miles of bandage.

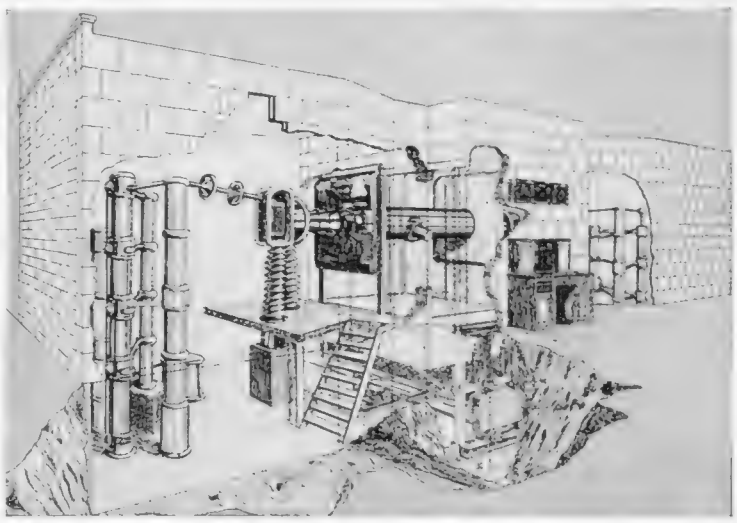
I will throw in these figures as a make-weight, possibly unpleasantly reminiscent: Epsom salts, 1½ tons; bicarbonate of soda, 2 tons; carbolic acid, 2 tons. And there are 2,240 lbs. to a ton.

By these figures I am trying to show the amazing amount that is done, and spent, by hospitals voluntarily supported. They come, I will now reveal, from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the oldest of all hospitals, founded in 1123 by the monk Rahere. King Henry I, "who never smiled again after his son was drowned in the White Ship"—ask any schoolboy—gave the land for Bart's. King George VI is the present patron.

All the London hospitals have their histories, long or short, but all dramatic. Guy's, St. Thomas's—originally, I believe, a leper hospital, but now one of the biggest and most efficient—Westminster, Charing Cross, University College, London (for ever connected with "The Prince of Beggars," Lord Knutsford), all must beg for funds.

I would like to give a story of them all. They would fill a fascinating book. But back to Bart's, as everyone knows it. Because the figures can be taken as fairly typical.

Laundry. We think of twenty or thirty articles a week. How would you tackle a yearly wash of 2,009,332? That means a vast procession, in and out, of sheets, blankets, overalls, as well as the "smalls."



A 1,000,000-VOLT PLANT FOR X-RAY THERAPY: A perspective of the mighty apparatus installed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the existence of which heralds a new epoch in the treatment of cancer

Insurance, with all the precautions taken, proves a minor item, about £1,000 a year. Salaries for medical, nursing, domestic and porter staff come to about £103,200 a year. Administration is only £4,000.

But despite every possible economy the cost of running a great hospital is £250,000 a year. Think of it, £250,000 in helping and curing the sick at one hospital in a year, and all the money is contributed. Admittedly the students pay for themselves. They get their training, 800 of them in this case, before they set out to heal and cure in all parts of the world. And all parts of the world is the just and accurate phrase.

From Harvey, who discovered the theory of the circulation of the blood, which revolutionised medicine, to the group who recently discovered the snake venom injection for palliating hæmophilia, and finally to the 1,000,000-volt treatment for cancer, now at Bart's, the system has gone on.

Energetic workers at the hospitals have striven to discover cures and treatments. Governors of hospitals before whom they have pleaded their causes have given them the word to continue in the cause of humanity. Usually they make nothing out of their work.

I saw the amazing 1,000,000-volt plant for X-ray therapy. The tube, which is 30 ft. in length, weighs 10 tons. In fact, it is easier to lower the floor to place the patient, than it is to raise the tube—which, however, revolves at the touch of a handle. The tube itself, to prevent rays escaping, is lined 6 ins. deep with close-packed lead shot. An aperture allows the rays to reach the patient. A special concrete-lined wall is needed to keep the rays from the operating staff. One wall is 4 ft. 6 ins. thick, while doors which interlock render this enormous machine absolutely safe. There is a microphone beside the patient who can speak direct to the nurse. But she is well away, watching carefully through a periscope, 70 ft. from her charge. Only in the last month has the full charge of 1,000,000 volts been used. Results of this machine are cheering. But remember that it is voluntary work, and voluntary payment for the apparatus.

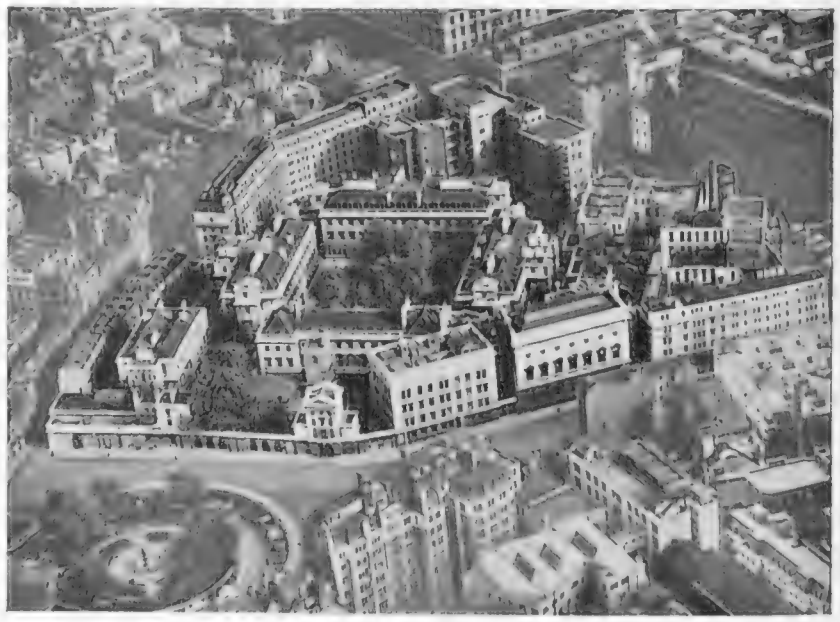
The work of a voluntary hospital is delegated through the governors, who probably meet once a month, to an executive committee, meeting once a week, and to a house committee, whose delegates know and are responsible for the various departments, such as the medical staff, the kitchens, the estates, the dispensary, the appeals, and the nurses.

It is rather late to mention the kitchens, but who would like to take over the task of providing varied meals for 1,194 a day—that means 4,776 meals a day, year in and year out.

I mentioned, in the paragraph before last, the appeals. You might think that this would be a whole-time job for two men. You would be wrong. It is, during a busy period, a whole-time job for some twenty men and women, owing to our peculiar system of letting the finest research and finest work, with no bar to colour, caste, or creed if man or woman is sick, be carried on and be paid for out of charity.

Bart's are now urgently appealing for funds for a paying patients' block, for proper accommodation for the nurses—some of them live in 200-year-old houses—and for development. Quietly they ask for £650,000. So far £66,000 has been raised.

Noel Thompson



THE OLDEST OF THE FIVE ROYAL HOSPITALS: An overhead view of St. Bartholomew's which was founded in 1123 by the monk Rahere, the land being given by Henry I

BRITAIN MAKES A TREATY

With the Sultan of Muscat and Oman

EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES: The scene in Muscat harbour, south-east Arabia, as H.M.S. *Deptford* fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns following an official call upon the commander of the vessel by the Sultan of Muscat. The Sultan has just signed a new treaty with Britain

THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN: His Highness Sayid Said bin Taimur pictured at the entrance to his palace on the occasion of the signing of the new trade treaty with Great Britain. The Sultan's territory extends over an 800-mile coastal strip in south-east Arabia

OUTCOME OF LONG NEGOTIATIONS: Sir Trenchard Fowle, K.C.I.E., British Political Resident, Persian Gulf, and the Sultan of Muscat signing the new Muscat Treaty. It replaces a previous treaty which expired a year ago and evidences Britain's continued influence in the Gulf

WHEN FRANCE GOES SKI-ING

FOR THE WELL-DRESSED SKIER: A visitor to the French winter sports resort of Megève clad in trousers of conical cut and a neat jacket of the type that is being widely worn this year

SOPHISTICATED FASHION ON THE NURSERY SLOPES: Smartly-clad women visitors at Megève wearing fur capes and conically-cut trousers. Fashions play a big part in the life of this increasingly popular French winter sports resort where, on the whole, ski-ing is not taken quite so seriously as in Switzerland

SKIRTS ARE A RARITY AT MEGÈVE except among the ardent skaters who find that they allow greater freedom of movement than the ubiquitous trousers. This girl was pictured beside the rink

SCIENCE IN THE CLOUDS

Work at Mount Washington Observatory

SOMETIMES IT IS 46 BELOW ZERO at the observatory on top of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, and it occasions no surprise when in one night a great coating of rime, such as this, collects round the pyrheliometer—an instrument for testing the sun's heat and energy

WATCHING THE CLOUDS ROLL BY: A member of the scientific staff at Mount Washington Observatory using the nephoscope—a black mirror in which, owing to the altitude, the higher cloud levels can be fully studied

ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON the wind velocity sometimes exceeds 150 m.p.h., so the observatory building has to be held down with chains. On the right is the famous cog railway which was built in 1869 and since then has carried more than half a million persons

A RIME-COATED WEATHER VANE and in the background a wind-gauge electrically heated so that rime does not form upon it and impair its accuracy. The observatory is maintained by the state and federal governments, Harvard, and the New Hampshire Academy of Sciences

SUGGESTIONS for SPRING

Country Checks

No wonder the girl above is smiling so happily. She is warm, her suit weighs next to nothing, and it could not be more pleasing nor more scrupulously tailored. It is a knitted suit at that, boldly checked in such luscious colours as wine and moonstone and silver, or, more conservatively, in such shades as nigger and green and beige, or grey and black and white. The jacket is single-breasted, the skirt has pleats at the front, and the price, miraculously, is 3 guineas. There are so many colours that your own particular favourites are pretty sure to be among them

Charming to look at and a lasting joy to wear, the black wool jersey frock on the right has a high curved neck, a gay embroidered belt, and a box-pleated skirt. Everything, in fact, that Fashion smiles on this spring. With it is worn a very slim tailored jacket with the new seamed waistline and rounded shoulders. This is in a pastel colour, or you can have instead a navy dress with a light blue coat, or a nigger dress with a gold jacket. Both these suits, and the angora jumper, come from the Knitwear Department at Debenham and Freebody

Everyday Luxury.—Nothing in the world is so completely comfortable and delightful to wear as a soft angora jumper, and certainly nothing could be more flattering than one like this, knitted in a charming lace stitch and made of pastel-coloured super-angora. It costs only 21s. 9d.

SUBMARINES AGROUND OFF ISLE OF WIGHT

CAUGHT IN A SOUTHERLY GALE, this submarine, the *Sunfish*, of the 5th Submarine Flotilla, ran aground in Sandown Bay, Isle of Wight, early on the morning of February 22 and heavy seas beat over her before she was finally re-floated just before midnight. *On right*—A close-up showing how the craft was battered by the waves. Members of the crew are seen in the conning-tower helping with the work of securing a line to the tugs. At the same time another submarine, the *Sterlet*, also grounded off Sandown

LIVING UP TO A GREAT NAME: Connoisseur Sir Walter Gilbey and Mr. J. G. Runciman (left), with the latter's horse, Bower Winalot, which won the King George V Challenge Cup and the society's challenge cup for the best stallion at the Shire Horse Society's Show, Agricultural Hall, Islington. It was no ordinary feat, for this same animal secured the cup outright in 1934 as a five-year-old. He appears now to be as good as ever and aroused much admiration

"HE MADE HIS WIFE THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD, DOCTOR" says Jennifer (Ruth Lodge). "No," answers Sir Colenso Ridgeon (Barry Jones), "he made his widow the happiest woman in the world, but it was I who made her a widow." A verbal passage in the revival of Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma* at the Westminster Theatre

"DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE GOING TO DIE?" asks Sir Patrick Cullen (Stephen Murray; right) to the rascally young genius, Dubedat (Stephen Haggard; left), who takes the news very calmly and replies, "We're all going to die, aren't we?" Another episode from *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Shaw's famous indictment of the medical profession, which was first produced in 1906 and dates surprisingly little

AN IBSEN REVIVAL: Roger Livesey as Dr. Stockman and Ursula Jeans as his daughter Petra in *An Enemy of the People*, which has just been put on at the Old Vic. The play shows how Dr. Stockman's exposure of a public scandal only serves to ruin his own career, a supposedly free press flatly refusing to support him against the local authorities

SAVOYARDS WILL CALL IT SACRILEGE: The Emperor and his court in a scene from the version of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* which has been presented in Chicago under the auspices of the Works Progress Administration—the U.S. Government department dealing with employment. The cast is all coloured and Sullivan's famous tunes have been adapted to ultra-modern "swing" music

TIME AND MR.

"Johnson Over Jordan," the Wanderings of a Ralph Richardson's

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

WHERE was Mr. Johnson—or, if you like, the late Mr. Johnson—during Mr. J. B. Priestley's strange play? Was he in Hell, in Purgatory, at the Judgment Seat? He certainly was not in Heaven, since most of the time he seemed to be desperately unhappy and uncomfortable. Perhaps, after all, he was only in the New Theatre. For almost the only fault among the many virtues of *Johnson over Jordan* is that, in spite of the loftiness of its subject—whither goes the human soul after death?—it is all rather earth-bound.

I would not say that it needs a finer mind to deal adequately with a subject so immense; Mr. Priestley has a very fine mind. But he has not, I venture to think, the mind of a poet. His treatment is both realistic and fantastic at the same time (which is not a contradiction, whatever it may seem). Frequently it is deliberately horrible, ghostly, ghastly, morbid, sinister, *macabre* and all the other adjectives in that line lumped together. Only the ethereal is lacking, only nobility of language, by which I do not mean nobility of thought. For Mr. Priestley has written a noble play, all the more noble for its courage and originality in these days of sex-problems, shock-dramas, and sweet nothings-at-all.

That it tramps along devoid of poetic flights (though I am not forgetting that moment of simple beauty at the very end, when the man sets out on his long final journey into the blue mystery of things, asking "Is it far?") may be in part explained by the fact that Johnson himself is essentially a commonplace person and is intended to be. He is a decent sort of middle-aged business-man, married, with a pleasant son and daughter, without a streak of poetry in him, though plenty of normal sentimentalisms.

He dies, and we hear portions of the burial service being recited in the death-chamber, which is where the burial service is *not* recited. The author could claim poetic licence for this were it not for reasons I have just pointed out. Johnson's first taste of what is described in the programme as "a prolonged dream-like state in what may be called the fourth dimension of space" was so prolonged that there was some danger of a portion of the audience themselves lapsing into a dream-like state. Not that lots of things, rather nasty things, did not happen. He was cross-examined magisterially by horrid men in frock-coats; he was danced round by horrid (but clever) ballet-dancers to the sound of horrid (but clever) music; mechanical voices bawled at him.

In the next act the atmosphere grew even more grisly. The scene was a nightmare-night-club, with devilish people wearing devilish (and devilishly clever) masks. Johnson was one-over-the-eight here as well as being over Jordan, his drinks costing him, apparently, about a £10 note a time, and an introduction to a blonde, who turned out to be his own daughter (a very nasty twist, this), a whole sheaf of tenners, paid over to an evil and beaky procuress. Later the air became old school-tieish and Dickensy and therefore a good deal more healthy. And the final scene, as I have said, was as clean as it was touchingly and simply effective.

Johnson, as a part, I would judge to be about as long as Hamlet and Peer Gynt put together. Mr. Ralph Richardson, admirable actor, played it with immense sincerity, and it was not his fault that one could have done with rather less Johnson and rather more of Miss Edna Best (his wife), Miss Victoria Hopper (his daughter), who sang exquisitely a few bars off-stage, Mr Christopher Quest (hisson), Mr. Julian Mitchell, Mr. Richard Ainley, and many more members of an enormous cast.

"THE DAWN" Cooper and E... flying picture w... audiences to ... Leicester Square. ... start to finish ... "glamour girl"

Mr. Basil Dean's task as producer must have been formidable indeed, but I was not in the least surprised to find him, as usual, overcoming every obstacle. The music has been selected and arranged in equally triumphant fashion by Mr. Ernest Irving, who conducts a large orchestra in excerpts ranging from Handel, Mozart and Brahms to the deliberate (and, yet again, amazingly clever) modern cacophony of Mr. Benjamin Britten.

"To Love and to Cherish."—Whether or no parsons flock to the Kingsway Theatre accompanied by members of the Divorce Law Reform Association (or whatever it is called), they unquestionably should. And that Mr. Michael Egan's *To Love and to Cherish* is a play with a purpose does not prevent it being pretty good purely as a play. The main argument of it is, should—from the Church of England's point of view—divorced persons be allowed to re-marry and should young girls be allowed to marry divorced men (even when such men are "innocent parties") without committing a sin in the eyes of the Church?

The situation is brought home, as it were, by making the play the story of a country vicar with a couple of unmarried daughters, both anxious to take the step which is anathema to their bigoted but otherwise very decent and human father. The vicar is a kindly man and even has a sense of humour. But on this divorce question he is adamant. His younger daughter is in love with a divorced man who is also a drunkard; I do not know why the author should have dragged in drunkenness, unless to make it more difficult, for it is quite beside the point. She is played with pleasant girlish freshness by Miss Mary Jones, who is one of the best little *ingénues* I have seen for many a long day, if only because she can fly into a stage rage without asking for trouble in the form of a well-deserved spanking.

Priestley:

a Notable Morality Play Telling of Commonplace Man After Death: "Tour de Force" at the New Theatre

A more complex type is the elder daughter. We see her first as, apparently, a confirmed spinster confirmed in a good deal more than just the ecclesiastical sense. She is spectacled and rather dowdy and runs the vicarage (the vicar is a widower) and sews and sews and sews. I could hardly believe that this unattractive though decent creature was Miss Lydia Sherwood, whom I saw playing a glamorous blonde most glamorously at Malvern last year. Then arrives a young man from Canada in the person of Mr. Robert Beatty, most breezy, and unimpeachable in his Canadian accent. They are attracted to each other at first sight, and Miss Sherwood's gradual blossoming from middle-aged dowdiness to true girlish beauty under the influence of love is an extraordinarily clever piece of work. Here is one of the most subtle of our actresses.

The Canadian does not at first reveal that he has been married. Then he tells half-truths about it, saying that he had been divorced but keeping dark the fact that the decree had never been made absolute until his hand was forced by the arrival from Canada of the woman he had married, a hard and baleful piece of goods, who now announces, spitefully, that she does not intend to apply for the decree absolute at all.

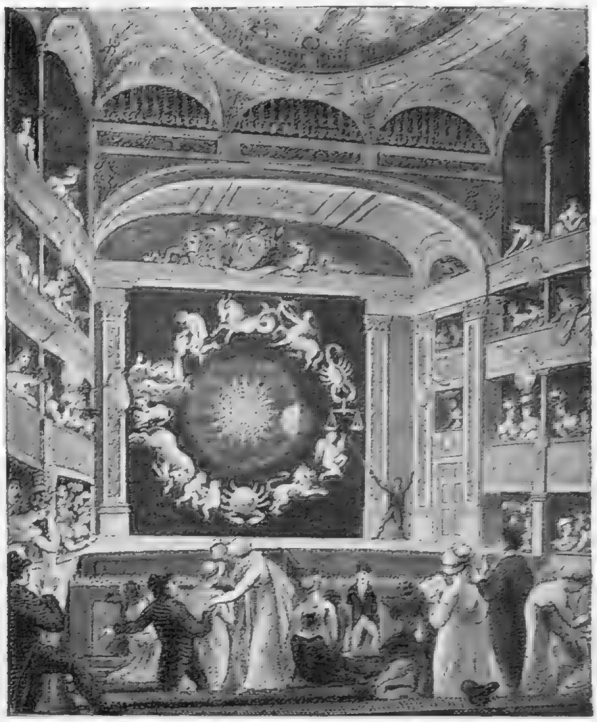
OL": Melville ...on in this fine ...s been drawing big ...arner Theatre, ...full of action from ...it noted, has no ...terrupt the theme

It is, I think, to Mr. Egan's credit that he does not tidy up his play in the conventional manner. We see the girl renouncing her Canadian and sobbing in the arms of her father as the final curtain falls; as to whether she eventually thinks better (or worse) of her decision we are kept guessing. Her younger sister, a less complex and rather less sympathetic type, snaps her fingers, burns her boats and the rest of it, and goes off with her man. A very long scene consists entirely of an argument between the vicar (Mr. Laidman Browne) and a jovial dean (Mr. Julian D'Albie) on the Church's attitude towards divorce in particular and on the wider subject of Faith v. Intellect in the matter of acceptance of Christian doctrine. That is not nearly as dull as it sounds. Indeed, it should not be dull at all, except to those who go to the theatre solely in search of airy trivialities. The prevailing tone is hardly gay, but as a married sister with a pungent way of expressing herself, Miss Helen Horsey managed to keep her tail up in spite of rather heavy odds against her.

"Let's All Go Down the Strand" (Adelphi).—Surely the Adelphi Theatre, even in its days of melodrama and murder, never housed a more gloomy entertainment than this *Revusical Promenade*. Its virtue is that it is quite inoffensive, with one most offensive exception. I was beginning to sink into a merciful coma (for there are limits to human endurance and it is said that to victims of torture come periods of blessed unconsciousness) when the loudest voice rasping its way through the loudest microphone made me leap in my stall in terrified agony.

This announced the appearance "for the first time in England" of Ross, Pierre, and Sweeney, and I fancy it was Ross, Pierre, or Sweeney talking. Anyway, shortly afterwards a most un-nautical man dressed as a sailor came on nursing a microphone and yelping into it with his mouth only a couple of inches distant. And that microphone was used throughout that long, long turn, which consisted of "impersonations" of American entertainment celebrities for the most part quite unknown to me and, a million to one, to the greater part of the audience. In pain and horror and with ear-drums at breaking-point I sought a seat farther back in the stalls (there was plenty of room). Just as loud.

THE FIAT HAS GONE FORTH that the Lyceum must go, and in June the housebreakers will clear the site for yet another block of shops and offices. In the last thirty years the Lyceum has been firmly established as a home of pantomime and melodrama



THE LYCEUM IN MARCH, 1817: An old print showing Walker's Exhibition of the Eidouranian. Many strange entertainments were given at the theatre before it passed into the hands of Irving under whom it flourished exceedingly, and most when Ellen Terry joined him as leading lady

I fled to the vestibule but no folding-doors or curtains could dull that dreadful din.

Why was the microphone there at all? The Adelphi is not such a very large theatre. Players of all types have for centuries been able to earn a living in theatres of all sizes without this damnable device. If one cannot earn one's living as a public entertainer unless one's voice has to be mechanically amplified, one should take up another job. Even stage apple-eating is preferable to stage microphonics.

Other items in this variety bill (for that is what, in fact, it is) included Mr. Jimmy James pretending to be drunk and attended by a doctor whose line of fun was pretending to have nervous paralysis; a live goose which seemed actually to have nervous paralysis and no pretence about it; some slap-stick comics; and a spectacular scene "In Old Seville," in which a woman with a Russian head-dress and apparently nude beneath her black cloak was chased by angry picadors and stabbed by a still angrier matador, "for," as Harry Tate would say, "no reason whatever."

No, I do not want to see *Let's All Go Down the Strand* again. I would sooner have a banana.

"Asmodée."—If there are remarkable subtleties—and it seems there are—in this play adapted from the French of François Mauriac (who is quite a distinguished literary bloke, look you) I confess they escaped me. We have had plenty of comedies of late about squabbles and upsets in English families. Here we have a French parallel, but one without a vestige of humour, nor, to be fair to the author, any attempt at anything of the sort.

Everyone living in that country house near Bordeaux seemed to be desperately bored-o. Their love affairs had all gone wrong. The mistress of the house, a pretty widow, was adored by the tutor, whom she disliked, and not unnaturally, since he was rude, moody, touchy and a bore, whom even that excellent actor, Mr. Wyndham Goldie could not make either credible or tolerable.

The governess (Miss Veronica Turleigh) worshipped the tutor, who loathed her and insulted her. A young Englishman arrived as a paying guest, and the love stuff continued unabated, for the mistress of the house (Miss Mary Hinton—a good performance) fell in love with the lodger, who had no fancy for her at all, preferring her daughter. The curtain fell on the tutor and Miss Hinton sitting by the fire in a mood of exquisite discomfort.

Miss Joyce Redman played the girl of sixteen or so and looked it. She has considerable promise, but she must not, when she has something really important to say, either whisper or bury her face in bits of furniture and people's chests. Perhaps those were the subtleties I missed.

"JOHNSON OVER JORDAN":

A Memorised Version of Mr. Priestley's Play on the Passage of a Soul to the Ultimate

Act I. Scene I. Robert Johnson, a simple-minded man, dies, but one doesn't see his departure. The scene is a close-up of the hall and the son and daughter are outside the room in which death touches Robert Johnson.

Scene II is a great semi-circular apartment with greyish curtained walls with a huge desk and two chairs (modern style) in centre back. Doors to right and left. Robert is being examined. He is, in the old "morality" language, giving his Reckoning. He knows nothing deeply. In fact, he fails miserably in this general knowledge test. Bald-headed examiners, dancing figures of pages and clerks flit in and out. Spirits of wife, schoolmaster, employer, and others still further probe.

A policeman warns Robert Johnson "to be careful." The voice of destiny blares through twin loud-speakers hanging above . . . Robert's examination paper is a dud. . . . "Everything must go to the incinerator" . . . figures pile papers furiously into the furnace. Robert discovers that they are banknotes. Begs some of the incinerator man, who looks up and reveals face of Death. "Ah, ha ha! a mask. I was clever to pull that off . . . Why, you're like everyone I've known" . . . Robert's pockets bulge with money—he will spend it in reckless amusement.

Act II. Scene I. Back in the hall again. Funereal details.

Scene II. Robert is revelling in a gory night-club. "Table, sir? Yes, sir." "The very best you've got." "Yes, sir." Masked dancers everywhere—bestial men and dubious blondes and wizened harpy. "Yes, dance; nice little blonde will do. . . . have some more wine. If you won't play fair, I'll show you. Get out . . ." Knife work by Robert in a mad frenzy. Stabs his own son and discovers that the blonde is his daughter. . . .

Figure of Death emerges from orchestra. "No, you didn't know. They are all sons and daughters here . . ." Repentance (more or less) of Robert?

Act III. Scene I. Back to the hall. Undertakers again and relations—the son and daughter and mother pass briefly, remembering father. "Everything's all right now."

Scene II. At the inn at the end of the world. Robert appears, and perhaps realises that he is not quite normally alive. He recognises an old pal or a hero in porter, waiter, and so forth. "No money? Oh, that's all right, sir. We don't have any money here." It is Remembrance that counts in the inn. "My copy of *Don Quixote*. Well, well . . ." (Don Quixote appears at window.) "Yes, I used to think of these things sometimes—when business was slack. Gill—why it's Gill . . ." Wife says, "Let's sit here . . . it can be wherever you wish. Not too far back or I shan't be here . . ."

Son and daughter appear at window in wonderful rosy lighting. "Oh, that's all right, father . . . To-morrow and to-morrow. You believe in to-morrow?" Happy moments. They disappear.

Gill: "Too many nice words stuck in that throat of yours, Robert . . . I see my three roses . . ." "The way I used to trim that privet hedge . . our world." "The landlord's health—who's the landlord?" No answer. "That's not true: I was waiting for somebody and it was you"—"Gill? Gill? Where are you? . . ." Little wife vanishes.

"Robert Johnson, you must go—yes, I have called you a fool—and I am your friend." The cowled figure, Dalua-like, smiles upon the celestial stair. "Is it a long way? I do not know, Robert" . . .

"Your things, sir" (overcoat, bowler hat and bag). Robert pauses. His thoughts go in remembrance to his family and upwards to the Beyond. The situation is getting near Everyman and Blessed Confession, when Robert Johnson braces himself and sets out, quite alone, on the Final Stage. P. H.

THE STORY OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE:

A Famous National Theatre and Its Contribution to the Development of the Drama

THE Comédie Française, the national theatre of France (whose artistes are now visiting London), is a summary of the country's intellectual life from the seventeenth century until the present day.

Its real foundation dates from 1658, the year when Molière and his troupe returned to Paris after touring the provinces for thirteen years. He first appeared in public on November 2 of that year at the Théatre du Petit Bourbon, where he was installed by Louis XIV after appearing before His Majesty at the Louvre.

Its official history dates from October 21, 1680, seven years after the death of Molière, when Louis XIV and Colbert signed a *lettre de cachet* uniting into one company the troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and that of the Hôtel de Guénégaud which had absorbed Molière's *Comédians du Mârais* after the death of their chief in 1673. This date of October 21, 1680, marks the fusion of the repertoires and theatrical traditions of Corneille, Racine, and Molière that were adopted by the Comédie Française. On October 21, 1930, the National Theatre celebrated its 250th anniversary after celebrating in the same year the centenary of *Hernani*, which was first played there on February 25, 1830.

The Comédie Française in its present form was founded by Napoleon who signed a decree in 1800 making it State property. Two years later he gave it a subsidy. Four years later, the actors founded a company of *Sociétaires* by which they took a percentage of the profits and a capital sum on retirement. This arrangement still remains.

The nineteenth century was rich in glory for the Comédie Française. The company included such famous actresses as Mlle George, a friend of Napoleon, Mlle Mars, the great Rachel, and later Sarah Bernhardt. The actors included Talma and Beauvallet.

In 1830 started the Romantic movement with the battle and triumph of *Hernani*. The prosperity of the theatre gave new life to the classics.

The period of the Second Empire was a golden age for the Comédie Française. Its prestige and prosperity increased. The delicate art of de Musset became immensely popular. A number of playwrights, the Dumas, *père et fils*, Victor Hugo, Emile Augier made the national theatre more and more popular.

With the dawn of the Third Republic started the era of the Coquelins, Sarah Bernhardt, the Mounet brothers, and others who formed the world's finest company of actors. Such plays as *Le Demi-Monde* and *Le Fils Natural* by Alexandre Dumas fils, *Le Mond où l'on s'ennuie* by Pailleron, *Le Marriage de Victorine* by George Sand made the Comédie Française the centre of dramatic interest in France and gave it world-wide fame.

In 1885 Jules Claretie became director of the theatre. Some of its most celebrated *sociétaires*, including Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin, left. But the younger Coquelin, le Bargy, Silvain and Mounet Sully remained. Plays by Brieux, Henri Bataille, Bernstein, François de Curel, Hervieu, Lavedan and Maurice Donnay were produced. The Comédie Française still kept up its reputation for perfect acting with impeccable French diction. Its younger actors were then, and still are, chiefly drawn from among the prize pupils of the Conservatoire, the national school of acting, though this is not compulsory.

The advent of M. Edouard Bourdet, the present administrator, has brought about many changes. Before his appointment in 1936, in spite of paying no rent, the theatre had fallen on such evil times that there was talk of closing it. M. Bourdet introduced new discipline, brought in a brilliant group of producers—MM. Gaston Baty, Copeau, Dullin, Jouvet—who have made the success of their respective theatres. He infused new vitality, energy, and initiative. The lighting system was renewed and brought up to date.

Rehearsals are held every day, and M. Bourdet reserves the right to dispense the rôles, whereas before some *sociétaires* kept a kind of vested right in their parts and were playing *jeunes premiers* when they were over sixty.

Leading modern decorators such as Louis Süe, Jean Michael Frank and Christian Bérard have been commissioned to supply new decoration for classic plays.

Salaries have been raised all round and holidays have been organised so that everybody takes them at the same time and the theatre is closed in August.

M. Bourdet has opened the theatre to students on Monday nights, and they are able to obtain places that would normally cost 5s. for 1s. on showing their University card.

He has also produced a series of new plays and given the classics new settings. His methods have proved so successful that the Comédie Française now plays to capacity houses nearly every night, and all fashionable Paris turns out for the first nights of his new productions.

In spite of modern improvements where they were necessary, M. Bourdet has respected the old traditions of the house, and retained the specialists on the staff who have grown up in the atmosphere of the theatre.

Winifred Boulter

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS WRITES A LIVELY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

But His Spate of Anecdote Rather Obscures the Central Theme

By VERNON FANE

THAT most volatile of actors, Sir Seymour Hicks, has written an autobiography which is characteristically gay and full of good stories. Indeed, the stories at times obscure the story itself which would have held quite enough interest on its own.

However, since most of them are excellent, it would be ungrateful to regret the anecdotes, and to make amends I will quote one or two. It is hard to choose, since **ME AND MY MISSUS** (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) does occasionally read more like a joke album than a serious review of a life.

Jokes can be illuminating though, and from these I have gathered, or might have gathered if it had not already been one of my articles of theatrical faith, that Sir Seymour is a wit, and that Sir Seymour can take as well as give the best of thrusts.

On one occasion he was asked at luncheon whether he ever had time to think. "Sir Arthur Pinero who was present, looked up and said, 'Good heavens, I hope not.'" It is to our advantage that at least he has time to write.

When Sir Seymour was still a young, if not a struggling actor, the great Irving came to see him in a French farce, and "when the curtain fell said, 'Well, you're at the comedy game, I see, eh? Do you know you remind me of Charles Mathews; very like him, very.' 'I'm so glad,' I replied. 'Yes,' he said, 'you wear the same sort of collars.'"

Other actors naturally have had their reverses and their snubs, the most deadly being those spontaneous ones that spring from an exasperated or more often a bored audience. "An actor who was playing the part of the Cardinal in *Under the Red Robe* was by no means good. The audience were fidgety throughout the evening, being thoroughly conscious that they were witnessing a most inferior performance on the gentleman's part. At the end of the last act all the characters in the play attacked the Cardinal, and he, finding himself alone and without power, turned on his tormentors crying, 'Am I then only a howling pelican in the wilderness?' A man in the pit rose, saying, 'Oh! is that it? I've been wondering what the hell you were all evening.'"

But even that was not as grim as the fate of the actor whose dramatic rendering was greeted by one of his scanty audience with such indifference that he read a newspaper through his performance. After two acts the actor could bear it no longer and, advancing to the footlights, declared that he could not continue to do justice to the works of the Immortal Bard in the face of such insult.

The gentleman in the circle withdrew, but the actor's relief was short-lived, since after the interval his tormentor returned with a telescope which he kept fixed unwaveringly on him for the rest of the performance!

Mr. Richard Oke's **STRANGE ISLAND STORY** (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.) is strange indeed, and not made any easier for even the most persistent of readers by being cut up into short sections each of which dovetails perfectly with its own sequel (about thirty pages later), but has only an indirect bearing on the section which immediately follows it.

By the last page everything has worked out very felicitously, and readers of stamina will be there to see how ingeniously the whole pattern has been completed; no untidy ends, no blank spaces. But the reader made of frailer stuff will probably have contrived ten, or more, little bookmarkers, each inscribed with the name of the appropriate set of characters, and will at first have no emotion stronger than relief that he has come to the end with all of them accounted for.

In the course of the novel there is a fantastic, and extremely clever scene in which the Governor's lady forces a friend in great distress to do a jigsaw puzzle with her, on the grounds that "it was really better to irritate her than to let her just sit and think." It is not impossible that that is Mr. Oke's attitude towards his readers.

I only regret that a writer of this talent—I remember *Frolic Wind*—should not have been content to let an excellent plot flow more freely, and let us all enjoy ourselves as much as we nearly did.

There are several good jokes tucked slily away in the telling of this story, of which the mildest is the naming of the characters, but, to continue the puzzle analogy, you will have to hunt them out for yourselves. This is Mr. Oke's game, and you will probably find it worth playing.

INTERPRETER OF THE CANADIAN SCENE: John Murray Gibbon, author of *Canadian Mosaic* (J. M. Dent. 21s.), in which he makes a comprehensive survey of twenty-five racial groups living in the Dominion. In his younger days Mr. Gibbon was editor of *Black and White*, the journal which is now incorporated with *The Sphere*

The du Maurier talent continues. First, the unforgettable George du Maurier with his books that remain triumphs of nostalgia, and his elegant drawings with their witty annotations. Then his son Gerald whose genius branched another way, but who inherited the same grace and the same light-hearted poise. Sir Gerald's daughter Daphne is already a writer of some accomplishment, and now her sister, Miss Angela du Maurier, has published her first novel. It remains to be seen how far she will carry the family tradition of apparently effortless ability.

THE PERPLEXED HEART (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) is not much of a guide. It is, as the title suggests, a story in which the chief preoccupation is love. Or loves. For its heroine—I had almost written its leading lady—is herself so preoccupied with this considerable subject that she devotes her health, energies and such intellect as she possesses to its research.

She marries two, or is it three times? And falls in love five, or is it six times? She is herself universally loved, even by sheep-dogs, and once she has cast her eye on some unreflecting male, obviously has no difficulty in achieving whatever it is she wishes to achieve.

Verona brings a good deal of suffering in her train, which is, I understand, a habit with the *grandes amoureuses*, and she covers a respectable mileage in pursuit of new loves or flight from old ones. But her life is a little depressing. To have a single purpose in one's existence might be uplifting. In Verona's case, though the single-mindedness is quite patently there, the result is too cheap. Verona, in my consideration, is a bore.

There is a fashion now for political forecasts. Every man is his own, or his next door neighbour's, prophet, and an ignorance of European affairs excludes from even the least informed circles. International journalists, leavening contemporary history with personal experience, have encouraged the cult, and the best-sellers are no longer romances.

Occasionally there appears a book by a man who knows his job, writes concisely and without heroics, and genuinely adds something to the stock of knowledge one has about this troubled continent of Europe.

Such a book is **MEDITERRANEAN CRISIS** (Nicholson and Watson. 5s.), which is published at a price reasonable enough to put it in the handbook class, and written by a man authoritative enough to keep it there. Mr. Harry Greenwall has a knowledge of European moves and countermoves which is not based on hearsay.

Is Mussolini serious in his demands for colonial concessions from France? Will Germany support her partner of the Axis? Will Great Britain lend her weight to support the territorial integrity of her ally? These are questions which any intelligent reader of the news might be asking. Mr. Greenwall is able to supply the background that makes conjecture a little more reasonable, and to tell one something of the significance of the events of the last six months.

Miss Cora Jarrett's new book of short stories, **I ASKED NO OTHER THING** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of slight and, in the main, poignant sketches, rather than the more robust type of story which one has grown accustomed to associating with magazines.

Men and women are the constant theme of these twenty little tales. Not the vast mass of humanity that might be represented by those three words, but in each case a world narrowed down to one man and one woman; at the most a triangle, at the least a soliloquy.

A man and a woman and their love and their hatred, but generally their hatred, occupies Miss Jarrett here. Some of the vignettes would be, if it were not for the art of their telling, like the case-histories of a psycho-analyst.

This England . . .

Dartmoor from west of Lydford

THAT the English character changes little is nowhere so plain as in the simple pastimes of the people. Long, long ago when the groat was a coin of the realm there was a popular game called Shove-groat or Slyp-groat (or again, by the disapproving, Slide-thrift !) Our friend shove-ha'penny as you guess, played in the same way of a wintry night. Now much of the English character lies not in sheer strength but in strength *controlled*, and shove-ha'penny is a fair analogy. A steady preparation . . . "a nice lay for the top bed and". . . home it goes. A blow differing not at all from the rest, it seems, except in that vital element of judgment. And "Two Worthingtons please" is a natural sequel. Judgment here, too, a liking for that which is in the old tradition; a beer well brewed, then as now . . . for Englishmen.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

ALL PAY HERE! Traffic held up at the toll-gates of the new San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge. An immense volume of traffic can be dealt with as there is room for six vehicles abreast

NEW MOTORING THRILLS

At 100 m.p.h. in the New 4¼-litre Bentley

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

New motorists, of course, have yet to experience much of the real joys of motoring. That is if the real joys of old can ever be experienced in the present-day closed car, but now the experienced hands can have an opportunity of starting their motoring days all over again for this new Bentley in my opinion has created an entirely new kind of motoring. It is quite unlike anything which we have tried before and, of course, is perfectly free from trouble, noise or smell. Above all, it is safe. I know of no other car in which I would feel more secure travelling at all speeds up to and over 100 m.p.h. than a Bentley. And it must be remembered that high speed in a car on which the controls are not definite and reassuring is dangerous not only to the occupants but to all road users in the vicinity. If motor cars were only human I feel certain that this Bentley would always be seen wearing a smile.

During the week-end in Devon and Cornwall I noticed that in all parts there is tremendous activity in laying kerbs and in banking corners. I must say that the Dorset County Council do not seem to mince matters when they have the job of super-elevating a bend. It is real banking and I only wish that the authorities of the Home Counties would imitate their confrères in the west. It is some years since I was down in this particular district and although my motoring took place during a week-end and a comparatively fine one at that, I was amazed at the few number of vehicles I met, except in the immediate proximity of Torquay and Falmouth.

It is, of course, really wonderful that there is no first-class road from London to Penzance. There are alternative routes but none of them is very much more than a second-class road with innumerable and quite unnecessary corners. These came so quickly one on top of the other that I began to think that the local County Council would perhaps be doing more useful work and spending very little more money if, instead of super-elevating the bends, they removed them altogether.

Owing to the rush in which I went away I clean forgot to take my A.A. handbook with me. All went well because I am fairly familiar with Dorset, Devon and Cornwall and had a fairly good idea as to the hotels which I would patronise, with the result that at first the handbook was not really missed.

On the Sunday, however, when I started off from Torquay and wanted to do a circular tour embracing as many seaside places as possible both on the south and north coasts I was rather lost without the A.A. official book.

The hotel could not produce a map which was of any use and after being on the road for about an hour I had a brainwave and thought I would stop at the first A.A. sentry box and see if I could find what was required therein. I found a chart on the inside of the door which really was of use, but it was not a map, and it occurred to me that the A.A. would add yet another advantage to its membership if they were to instal in each of their telephone boxes a copy of their official yearly handbook. I realise quite well that if it were loose in a box it would probably only remain there for a few hours, but I think that the G.P.O. have discovered a way of attaching a publication to a wall or desk which effectively prevents its removal.

On the whole, I found the sign-posting good and I must say that when driving a fast-moving car the type of advance sign-post now being erected by the R.A.C. for the Ministry of Transport is most helpful.

THE 1939 ROVER FOURTEEN SALOON: An entirely new Rover Fourteen of 14·9 rating. Slightly higher in price, at £330, than its predecessors, but with improvements which far outweigh the increase. It now has synchromesh third and top gears in combination with a free-wheel; anti-roll stabilisers front and rear, and a host of other excellent mechanical features

HAVING driven all kinds of motor cars during the past thirty years I was firmly convinced that I had experienced all the joys that motoring can give, but quite unexpectedly I discovered that I was wrong and that motoring still had thrills in it which I had not sampled. I found this out the other week-end when I was lent one of the latest 4¼-litre over-drive Bentley cars.

I never expected that this latest model was going to impress me to any unusual extent, because four years ago I owned a Bentley and drove it for about 24,000 miles and only the other day I bought a second-hand one for my own use. The latest Bentley is to me as unlike any other Bentley that has ever been produced from the Derby works as chalk is from cheese. I started off with the idea of doing just a journey of 100 miles or so on the Saturday and completing another 100 miles the next day on the way home. The car was delivered to me on Friday afternoon and after just driving it for a mile or two I decided that with this car at my command something out of the ordinary was indicated and so without more ado I set off in the direction of Falmouth.

I am not by any stretch of imagination a spectacular driver or one who knowingly takes an unnecessary risk. In fact, I expect if I asked some of my friends in confidence to tell me what kind of a driver they thought I was they would probably say I was over-cautious. Leaving Weybridge at 6.20 p.m. we arrived at Salisbury in time for dinner at 7.45 p.m. The next day Torquay was the objective and that delightful seaside place was reached just at lunch time. The following day a tour round Devon and Cornwall as far as Falmouth was completed, and after staying the night at Exeter, Weybridge was regained on the Monday morning. In all, over 600 miles were covered so that I was able to get a fairly good idea as to the capabilities and the general performance of this over-drive Bentley.

I must confess that the gear-box takes a little getting used to, but once it has impressed itself on the driver that it is not the ordinary unit to which Bentley owners have become accustomed it is highly delightful. I found that instead of starting on second gear, which is my usual procedure on my own Bentley, it was better to start on first, for the driver has to remember that in some respects he only has three gears for ordinary work because what was third on the old gear-box is now top. Having three gears is, of course, no hardship because, as I have said before, the first gear was seldom if ever used on previous Bentleys.

What was top gear is now the indirect over-drive which I, anyway, looked upon as a sort of gear which was only to be used when conditions were favourable. I think if I had driven the car for a longer period I would have used the over-drive far more because I found that the power of the engine was really remarkable even with this high gear engaged. Needless to say, the sensation of floating along the road at seventy or eighty miles an hour with the engine just ticking over was enchanting.

I doubt if any other manufacturer could produce an over-drive gear such as this, because although it is indirect it is quite inaudible. The twisty roads and lanes of Devon and Cornwall are scarcely the ideal ground on which a car of this description is best tested, but it enabled me to learn that although this Bentley on its over-drive is being driven with a gear ratio much higher than has been fitted to this car before, the engine was quite up to the job of taking the vehicle round tortuous bends and uphills at moderate speeds without showing any signs of distress.

Certain modifications have been made to the power unit, and this ability to give off power at low revs must be one result, and another which was most definitely noticeable was greater silence at all speeds, but particularly when idling. Perhaps it is very childish, but a driver does derive a very real pleasure from changing up from third to top at speeds between 80 and 90 m.p.h. There is something fascinating in being able to play tunes, as it were, between these two high gears.

I have previously described myself as an over-cautious driver, and so when I am able to say that on one occasion the speedometer showed the car was travelling along at 98 m.p.h. and I was not frightening myself, it says a lot for the controllability of the car at high speed.

This new Bentley is also fitted with smaller wheels and larger tyres, which make it a far more comfortable car to drive in and at the same time appears to glue it to the road even more successfully than the older Bentleys, though until I had tried this car I did not imagine that anything could hold the road more satisfactorily than my own Bentley, which is four years old. The steering has been improved, and here again the Derby works have achieved what one would have said was impossible. They have, as it were, given us another instance of gilding the lily. Perfect as the old steering was, that on the present model is infinitely better.

THE "PEOPLE'S CAR": In connection with the Motor Show now being held in Berlin, foreign journalists were invited to ride in some of the new Volkswagen (People's Cars) along the new motor road from Berlin to Magdeburg and back. Uniformed Nazis also demonstrated the lightness of the car by lifting it with ease on to its side

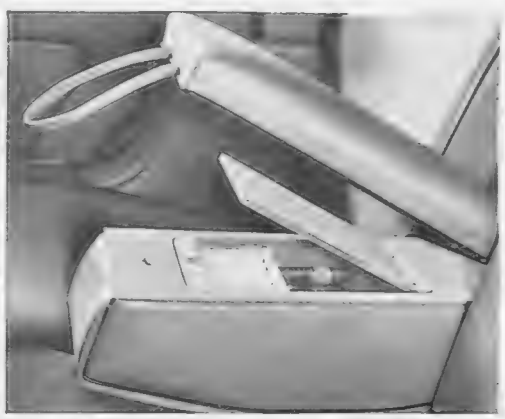
Car for an Individualist

THE 2½ LITRE DAIMLER 'RITZ'

a car of exceptional beauty
and refinement—in every detail
an individual creation

Front and rear seats are upholstered in special light-grey leather with contrasting piping.

Provision is made for the installation of the latest type air-conditioning unit. This heats the car and also de-mists the windscreen.



FOR the man whose special needs demand a car of even greater individuality than the already distinguished 2½-litre 'Fifteen,' Daimler introduces the new 'Ritz' model. This is a car that will give the most exacting owner the keenest pride. Meticulous hand-finished construction and careful attention to detail is evident in every part. The coachwork has a distinctive silver grey finish, and is upholstered in leather of extremely fine quality and softness. All interior woodwork is of beautifully figured grey sycamore finish. From distinctive radiator to luggage boot, this car abounds in unusual features and rare refinements, combined with such established Daimler characteristics as smooth, silent power, independent front wheel springing and fluid flywheel transmission. The 2½-litre Daimler 'Ritz' stands alone in the field of fine medium-size cars. Full particulars on request.

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY
THE LATE KING GEORGE V

2½ Litre Daimler 'Fifteen'

"RITZ"

SPORTS SALOON £575

Daimler Fluid Flywheel transmission is licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents.

Rear side arm-rests are fitted with Thermos flasks and large-size telescopic ash-trays. The centre arm-rests open revealing a divided box for cigars and cigarettes.

Features of the Daimler 'RITZ' include:

- ✶ 2½-litre engine with special chromium plated finish.
- ✶ Finest quality leather upholstery. Sycamore finish interior fittings.
- ✶ Non-glare flood lighting for map reading at night.
- ✶ Philco radio unobtrusively mounted beneath dashboard.
- ✶ Beautifully figured sycamore finish 'snack' tables. Thermos containers, etc.
- ✶ Foot-operated pass-lights.

- ✶ Provision for the installation of the latest type de-misting and heating unit.

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: STRATSTONE, 27 PALL MALL AND 40 BERKELEY STREET

EUROPE'S MOST FEARED QUARTETTE

(Continued from page 314)

ended the career of an all-puissant secretary of the Fascist Party. The reason? A scandal in Turin, in which a seamstress had apparently suffered. It was Bocchini, again, who sent the chief Mason of Italy to Lipari, and also a leading financier, Gualino. Bocchini, who caused dynamite sufficient to blow up a cathedral to be taken from the pockets of two anarchists established right beneath the Duce's famous room overlooking the Piazza Venezia. Bocchini, who sent two would-be imitators of sniper Zaniboni before the firing squad in 1932.

Each morning at ten o'clock the stout little man reports to Mussolini, who says no word while his police chief recites or reads on and on the general statement of the day. Only, the Duce makes rare notes; and these he puts away at the finish.

One of Bocchini's most valued assets is his knack of sounding out public opinion. It was he, according to popular belief, who advised Mussolini that he could risk going ahead in Ethiopia. But Bocchini is credited with a finger in every pie.

Of the fourth on this list, Beria, of the Soviet, little yet is known save that he is said to be less dreaded than his predecessor, Nicolai Yezhoff. "The resignation of Yezhoff as Commissar for Internal Affairs," one reads, "has been received with a sigh of relief by the Soviet public." One can well imagine so.

Beria, a Georgian like Stalin, is a scholar, popular with the people, who think he will be more humane than the very impersonal Yezhoff. Maybe there will come less arrests on suspicion alone, fewer excesses by the Ogpu. That, at any rate, is a hope among the Russian people.

INTERNATIONAL DOLL PARADE: A WONDER COLLECTION REPRESENTING OVER FORTY LANDS

Little Diana Cooke, ten-year-old granddaughter of Sir Stenson Cooke, much travelled Secretary of the Automobile Association, is the proud possessor of seventy-four dolls each dressed in a different national costume. Most of the dolls have been bought by Sir Stenson during his world travels, but friends have also helped to make the collection complete. More than forty countries are now represented, ranging from Persia and Mexico to Lapland, with dresses varying from Scottish kilts to the grass skirts of the Hawaiians

ANNEXING ANTARCTIC TERRITORY

(Continued from page 321)

In 1908 the British Government, by the issue of letters patent under the Great Seal, conferred on the Government of the Falklands Islands full authority over South Georgia, the South Shetlands, South Orkneys, Sandwich Islands and Graham Land. In 1917 fresh letters patent defined the dependencies of the Falkland Islands as all lands situated between 20 deg. and 50 deg. W. south of 50 deg. S. and all between 50 deg. and 80 deg. W. south of 58 deg. S., a definition which implies the extension of sovereignty to the South Pole itself.

It was not until 1923 that an Order of the King in Council gave the name of the Ross Dependency to the area lying between the meridians of 150 deg. W. and 160 deg. E. and placed it under the jurisdiction of the Dominion of New Zealand. Ten years later later the same status was given to the lands along the Antarctic Circle between George V Land to beyond Enderby Land which were declared a British dependency. They included everything between the meridians of 160 deg. E. and 45 deg. E., excluding the French possession of Adelie Land, and the dependency was placed under the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth of Australia.

H. R. Mill

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys of good character are being trained for a life at sea and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. In the Society's Homes poor boys and girls are being maintained and trained for civil employment. The boys are trained for definite trades so that they will always be employable while the girls are prepared for domestic service. Donations and legacies are constantly needed to carry on this great work of caring for 1,165 poor children. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged

FASTEST ICE SKATER. 500 metres in 41·8 secs. Established 1938. Held by Norway.

"Plus a little something"

THE SPORTSMAN'S PETROL

BP ETHYL

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

World Renowned for Age and Quality

FOCAL POINTS OF EGYPTIAN FAITH: *Left*—The new Mosque of Meadi, near Cairo, which has just been opened by King Farouk, and (*on right*) some of the elaborate decorative work on the Mosque of Mohamed Ali in the heart of Cairo, where the two-year task of restoration has lately been completed. King Farouk will again conduct the inaugural ceremony

NEW ZEALAND CENTENARY.—In the next few months exhibitions claim the attention of travellers, and in that respect it is certainly North America's year. Nearer home, of course, we have Zürich and Liége, but let us look still further ahead. New Zealand is celebrating the centenary of British sovereignty and organised settlement in 1940. Owing to the reversal of the seasons it will open in the New Zealand spring, about November over here, and close about April. The site is Rongotai, only a quarter of an hour's journey from the centre of Wellington.

Most travellers have New Zealand in their minds as a place they must some day visit, and the centenary year will possibly have that extra interest which will clinch the matter.

The great points about the islands are the remarkable variety of the scenic interests and natural phenomena and the ease with which the sights are reached. Many of them are within a day's excursion of the main centres. Milford Sound, in the wonderful fjord district on the western side of the province of Otago in Te Wai Pounamu, otherwise South or Middle Island, is within reach by the new motor route from the Lakes district. There you put your foot, as it were, into the oldest wrinkles of old Mother Earth. How insignificant a centenary then seems!

The Seychelles. — The *Franconia* on her world cruise has just made a brief call at Port Victoria in the Seychelles Islands. I have no doubt her people fell in love with the group even if they did encounter one of those showers which contribute to the annual rainfall of 100 in. Life there is very pleasant and restful in an old world atmosphere.

Seen from the sea the islands, of which there are not far short of 100, counting the very little ones, appear to be an immense green carpet, flecked here and there with the white streaks of the streams from the hills. The highest point, by the way, is 3,000 ft. above the sea.

Although only 4 degs. from the Equator the islands are healthy and free from tropical maladies. Snakes and dangerous animals are unknown. The best time for a visit is between May and October, when the south-east trade winds keep the heat down. They once belonged to France, and the atmosphere of that time is tenacious to the extent of the language being generally spoken.

Port Victoria is nearly 1,000 miles from Mombasa, and more than 1,700 from Bombay, but steamship lines between East Africa and India have taken them in their course, so communications are really quite good.

Winter Sports.—With the lengthening days and the evidences of coming spring there may seem to be little reason for reverting to the subject of winter sports. On the contrary, at some of the Norwegian resorts the season has not long begun and is at its height at Easter. I see that Cooks are making a feature of Easter winter sports at Stalheim, a lovely spot commanding the Naerödal canyon, and a few miles beyond is Gudvangen on one of the five branches of the Sognefjord, the longest and deepest in Norway. The season at Finse, the highest station on the Bergen high mountain railway, runs on to mid-May.

There are also late seasons in Switzerland. That bright centre in the extreme east, Davos, at an altitude of more than 5,000 ft., will still be going strong at Easter, and so will Scheidegg, still higher in the Bernese Oberland.

All things considered, the winter sports season is doing very well.

Czechoslovakia.—Rather shrunken, but retaining some of the outstanding tourist assets of the state brought into existence by the peace treaty twenty years ago, Czechoslovakia's voice is again being heard in the travel world. At the moment it is much occupied with winter sports, and the High Tatras abound in facilities. You probably may remember the names Strbské Pleso, Tatranská Polianka, Stary Smokovec, and Tatranská Loumnica. They are among the best centres and are still under the same flag.

Slovakia has her curative springs to exploit. Piestany, Trencianské Teplice, Sliac, are within her frontiers, and the valleys of the Váh, Hron, Poprad, Ovava, and other rivers are very pleasing places for the tourist. The fine old capital, Prague, and the more notable provincial cities are unchanged.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Grenoble. — As you wish to be near the University the Napoleon in the rue de Montorge would probably suit you very well. The charge is about 55 francs a day for room and pension. There is also the Louvre, which has no restaurant. For room and breakfast their price is 25 to 40 francs.

Roquebrune. — We think this resort would suit you very well for a stay of several weeks before coming on to England. It is less than 5 miles from Monte Carlo and the train does the journey in 7 mins. We can recommend the Château Diodato, a small pension with twenty rooms, all with running water, and it has access to two bathing beaches. The charge for room and pension is about 50 francs per day. The Plage Hotel costs about the same, and the Ideal Sejour about 40 francs.

The Drakensburg.—There will be no difficulty in the few days you have at Durban in getting to the Natal National Park, which is in the section of the range where Natal meets Basutoland and the Orange Free State. The best approach is by way of Ladysmith, whence the 60-mile drive leads past the famous height Spion Kop of South African War memory. The part includes some of the finest scenery in Natal. It is possible to get near the summit of the Mont-aux-Sources by pony and complete the climb on foot.

Cruising.—On the cruise for which you have booked at a total cost of £175 we suggest the basis for tipping should be 7 per cent. of the cost of your ticket, 7 per cent. of the cost of your husband's ticket, and 5 per cent. of that of the twelve-year-old boy's. Therefore, if the two adult bookings are £70 each you would give £5 on each ticket, and if the boy's costs £35, tips would be about £1 15s., making a total of £11 15s. on the three bookings.

Locarno.—The fact that you want golf rather limits the number of places there are for a holiday in Switzerland. You probably could not do better than Locarno, which is not a big place, and has some excellent courses. It is also a very good centre for excursions. Pallanza, Lake Orta, the Lukmanier, Oberalt and St. Gotthart Passes, Lugano, Maggia Valley and Verzasco Valley are all about half or whole day trips. The Park Hotel is first class with a large garden and park, and the inclusive rates are from 103 to 125 francs per week. Another suggestion is the Prima Vera Quisisana at 76 to 86 francs per week.

Brittany.—If you would like an amusing and gay place try La Baule, the fashionable centre of Brittany. It has a splendid beach bordered by a large pine wood. Golf and tennis are available, and there is a casino. The big hotels are rather expensive but some of the smaller ones are good, among them being the Adriana, Cecil, Armonie, and Excelsior. All these have running water in all rooms. If you are afraid of the crowd at La Baule during the season I would suggest St. Cast, where there is also an excellent beach, and it is a very safe place for children. The Royal Bellevue Hotel is recommended.

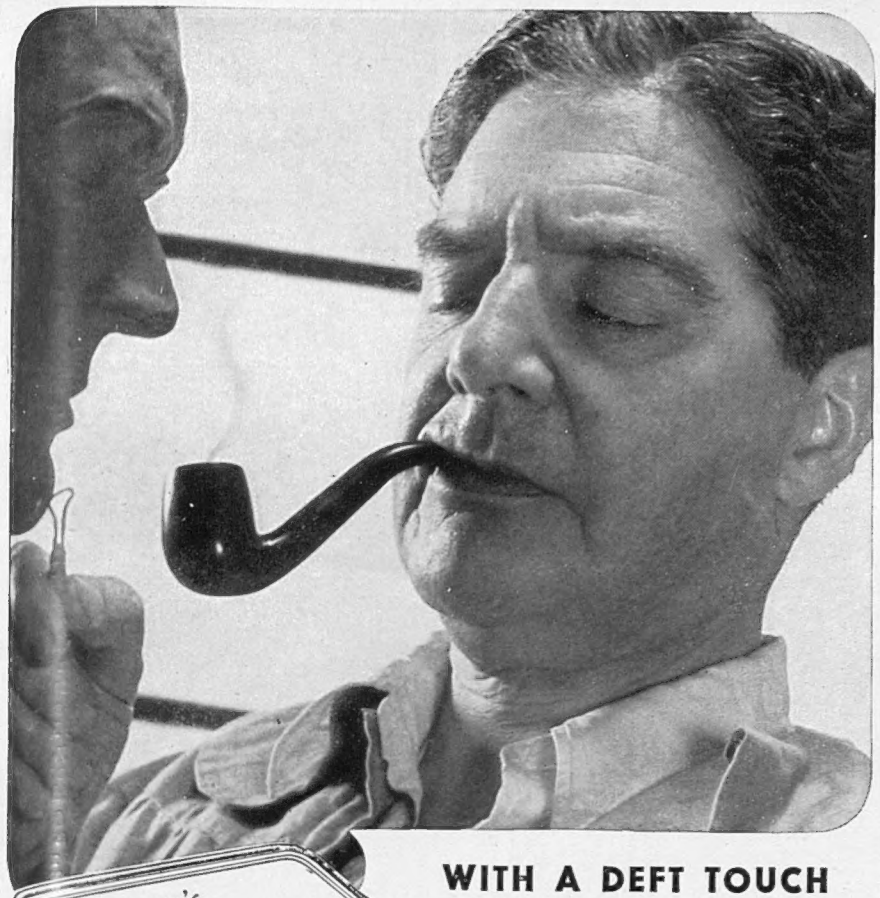
Beverley Brooke

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU:
Notes from Near and Far

1940 TO BE NEW ZEALAND'S BIG YEAR

Celebrating the Centenary of Organised Settlement

PRIDE OF COMPIEGNE: The hotel-de-ville—a fine building in the late Gothic style—is one of the outstanding architectural features of this quiet, old-fashioned town in the Oise department. It was in the nearby Forest of Compiegne that the 1918 Armistice was signed



WITH A DEFT TOUCH

he records his impressions. He has a sure eye for detail and gradually the very character of the sitter seems to be recorded in the clay. He's watching always for individuality; that's why you'll find his pipe filled with that exclusive blend of fine tobaccos — Player's "No Name."

"No Name" BROAD CUT is the same tobacco for those who prefer a broader cut. The prices are the same.

PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N.57B

Not enough exercise—too much sitting

Unused muscles cause Sagging Abdomen

Keep Fit with LINIA SHORTS

You cannot change your sedentary way of life; but you can escape the consequences of it by wearing Linia Shorts instead of ordinary underpants. Linia Shorts exercise your abdominal muscles while you sit. With every movement, even with breathing, the reinforced elastic tricot over the abdominal area tones and slims by its continuous massaging action. Meanwhile they hold sagging organs in correct position and give you a fine braced-up feeling.

Linia Shorts are comfortable and easily laundered. Call in and see these modern Linia Shorts at your nearest Roussel shop. Or you can order by post with confidence. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded in full. May we send you an interesting booklet fully explanatory of the Linia Method?

Prices: Linia Shorts from 17/6; Linia Reinforced Shorts from 25/-.

On Sale **Only** *at* **J. Roussel, Ltd., 177 Regent St., London, W.1**

Telephone: Regent 7570

Branches in London, and at Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hove, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham and Southport.

Linia Shorts are fully patented. Beware of worthless imitations which have followed their success.

J. E. Roussel, Ltd., 177 Regent Street, London, W.1

★Please send me.....pair(s) of Linia Shorts or Reinforced Shorts price £.....

My *maximum* measurement round hips is.....inches.

My *maximum* measurement round one thigh is.....inches.

I enclose remittance £....., OR

★Please send your booklet describing Linia Shorts.

My name and full address are attached. L.S 23

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
INLAND ...	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 7	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
CANADA ...	3 0 8	1 11 5	1 9 3	14 9
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	3 5 6	1 14 8	1 11 8	15 10

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of *The Sphere*,
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me The Sphere *weekly for*

_____ *months, commencing with the*

issue of _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ *1939*

NEWSAGENTS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

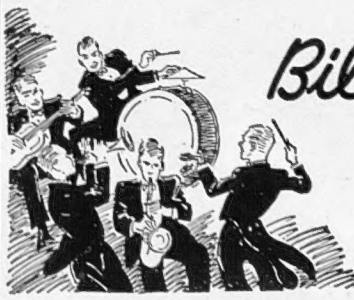
Grand

CENTENARY BALL

Royal Albert Hall

Monday, 20th March, 8 till 3

CABARET · DANCING



Billy Cotton's Band

TICKETS ONE GUINEA

(including Running Buffet)

from USUAL AGENCIES or J. A. HART, 15-16, Farringdon Street, E.C.4

Carpets cannot be thoroughly freed from dust whilst on the floor

PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING COMPANY LTD.

196, YORK WAY, KING'S CROSS, N. 7

Household Dyeing and Cleaning

CARPETS CLEANED (*by the SIMTUL Process*) **OR DYED**

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE. **Tel. North 1173** *(4 lines)*

Carpets taken up and relaid. *Country Enquiries invited.*

Live Graciously

READ

THE STUDIO

regularly:

"the most beautifully illustrated magazine in the world."

Monthly 2s. Annually 28s. post free

44 LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON

HELP

URGENTLY NEEDED

for training Crippled Girls

Ninety per cent. of the girls in our Crippleage are unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry! They are happy under our care, but thousands of other crippled girls dread the future because they cannot earn a living unaided.

We want to help these. And we CAN. By patience and sympathetic understanding, we train such cripples to make artificial flowers and so enable them to become partially self-supporting.

Unfortunately, it is all we can do to maintain our present strength 340 girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell. The "WAITING LIST" grows bigger and bigger.

Must we continue to turn a deaf ear to these appeals for help?

WILL YOU JOIN WITH THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THIS NOBLE WORK TO BE EXTENDED?

Annual Report gives fuller details. Please write for a copy.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION

37, Sekforde St., Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

The Best of Everything . . .

in terms of horses, health, golf, scenery, sunshine, rest and comfort awaits you at

PALM COURT HOUSE HOTEL,
ANGMERING-ON-SEA - - SUSSEX

Inclusive terms for residence and riding. Write for details. *Telephone: Rustington 323.*

BRYAN HOUSE, Blackheath

2, SOUTH ROW, LONDON, S.E. 3. *Tel.: Lee Green 3016.*

A really Comfortable Private Hotel with all the amenities of home life. Large Garden. Free Laundry Room.

BOSCOMBE 1234 ?

Is that Mr. James Millar speaking? His son? Oh, yes. Well, I am just ringing up from Glasgow to ask if I can have that same lovely room with balcony overlooking Bournemouth Bay. Similar one? Good! Reserve it from next week-end, please. It *will* be nice to get into a warm and sunny climate again. Perhaps you too would like to ring or write James Millar.

CHINE HOTEL BOSCOMBE BOURNEMOUTH

One in a thousand!

Like a vintage wine the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It is known as a very comfortable first-class hotel, distinct from the thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points :

Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.

It has a licensed and fully equipped Bridge Club.

Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provides sun-bathing 24 hours a day.

TOLLARD ROYAL
BOURNEMOUTH

100 rooms and suites. Lift. Terms from 5½ gns. For detailed tariff write Miss P. E. Woolcock.

HASTINGS
The
QUEEN'S
Telephone: 201

Leading and Best
Sea Front — Solarium
Dîner Dansant — Saturdays
From 15/- daily

"Punctuality is the politeness of Princes"
The remark is true (in a sense unintended by Jorrocks). For at Princes, Folkestone, they understand punctuality . . . and the pleasure of finding people and things ready when you want them.
Your room (with a private bath) or your suite, are ready for you now.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

In the lee of the Leas. *85 minutes from Town.*
Popular cocktail bar. Squash, Tennis, etc., adjoining. Lift. Softened Water. *Telephone: 2666.*

. . . and still THE RED HOUSE
the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD
Resident proprietors will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. Telephone: 2271/2.

Health is everything!

Health is everything. Whatever your work, whatever your pleasure, health must come first. Here in the Derbyshire Hills, health comes smiling to those who seek it ; while if you desire just recreation or a rest, there are concerts, golf, tennis, bowls, croquet (all free), and the pleasure of living in company where the daily average of visitors is over 200.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO — SMEDLEY'S MATLOCK
The Seal of Good Health

Smedley's at Matlock

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. Terms (13/- to 18/- a day) include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. Smedley's Hydro, Matlock, Derbyshire. Tel. Matlock 17.

LINCOMBE HALL
TORQUAY

The Ideal Hotel for Winter Comfort

South aspect . . . beautiful grounds . . . away from noise yet near town centre. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath.

INCLUSIVE WINTER TERMS FROM 3½ GNS.

Write for brochure direct or consult Ashley Courtenay, 68, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

THE GARDEN HOTEL — Lincombe Hall — OF TORQUAY

In Quest of

Worthing has Acquired a Still has Surprisingly Few

WORTHING is putting on weight. For some years now she has been developing a middle-class spread to Lancing on the east, Goring on the west, and towards Findon on the north. Yet much of Worthing remains largely as it was : there are still some Georgian buildings dotted along her front ; her promenade runs as before flush with her shingle, and a few craft still lie at drunken angles to lend picturesqueness to the view from those hotels which so vociferously claim that they "face the sea."

But whilst Worthing has grown, her hotels have not—at least in number. There can be few resorts which have such a small number of large first-class hotels in relationship to size, yet Worthing has everything to attract, including an amazingly good electric train service to and from London, an excellent municipal orchestra, several first-class cinemas and a questionable attraction in that array of multiple shops which have destroyed the individual trading character of any town.

Till quite recently, Warnes reigned supreme, and still does in many respects. For week-enders, motorists and for banquets, or for a rendezvous, it is the "Old England" cocktail bar there which still gathers its regular coterie of local "lights." But beyond that a new four-star hotel has reared its head, and from a more residential point of view, the Beach, at the more western end of the front, is daily growing in favour. I well remember the Beach when it was a conglomeration of small houses. To-day, with its ninety bedrooms, its large public rooms and its fine modern furniture, it is the largest hotel in Worthing and is rightly a four-star hotel in the A.A. book.

I often have reason to criticise the extravagant language used by hotels in their literature, but I have no quarrel with the proprietors when they state in their folder that the Beach sets a new standard of hotel luxury in Worthing. It does, and with moderation to one's purse. Up to March 31 the terms run from 4½ guineas to 7 guineas, according to room and floor ; from April 1 to June 30 from 5 guineas and in July, August and September from 5½ guineas. But beyond this they have a sound scheme whereby the long-stay visitor genuinely gets a rebate in terms after a definite stay of so many weeks. To receive a cheque from an hotel is a novelty which is well worth qualifying for!

There is not space here to describe the Beach in detail. Let it suffice to say that there is a friendly feeling about the whole hotel. Wide windows to let in the sun ; central heating throughout ; diffused lighting in the bedrooms, lights and plenty of them in the right places ; each bed luxuriously furnished with Vi-spring overlay mattress ; plenty of bathrooms ; quality first as regards foodstuffs and cooking, and I speak from the experience of an unexpected visit

The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .

People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this ; Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards ; come for the Grand National! Special trains direct to Aintree.

Details and Brochure from J. J. HERITIER,

CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL,
LYTHAM ST. ANNES
QUALITY and SERVICE AT MODERATE PRICES

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY HOTEL
Nr. LYNTON
ON NORTH DEVON'S WESTERN COAST LINE

The grounds, a natural bird-sanctuary, are a delight to the eye, the private golf course is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are exceptionally moderate. Why not Winter with us? Write for an illustrated brochure or telephone Lynton 24

Quietness

with an atmosphere of unostentatious luxury, and a first-class cuisine, unite in making Hans Crescent Hotel one of the best that London can offer. Facing Harrods, adjacent to Hyde Park and handy for theatres and shopping. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure on request.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL
Knightsbridge, S.W. 1 *Tel.: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London*

BEAUTIFUL ST. BRELADES . . .
above all in Spring was built for those who like to ignore the tape-machine and the politics of Europe and laze with a serene conscience . . . bathing, walking, idling with none but the friendly southern sun to interrupt . . . and the pleasant routine of well-cooked meals to make a day of it. Profusely illustrated brochure with pleasure from the proprietor, B. Colley.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY
An hour and a half by air from London

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Middle-aged Spread, but Large, First-class Hotels

in saying they have scrupulously clean kitchens.

Those who regard with affection such hotels as the Tollard Royal at Bournemouth, the Princes at Folkestone and the Cumberland at Eastbourne will appreciate the Beach at Worthing, for whilst none of these is in any way connected as regards management, they all have that common characteristic—one feels one could cheerfully *live* in any of them, and not merely stay.

But a few words now as regards Worthing's newest "arm," Goring-on-Sea. There will be many who will remember but a few years ago the twists and turns of the narrow lane which connected Goring and Worthing, and one welcomes to-day the broad, concrete roads, the footpaths, the lighting—and the Mulberry.

Here, at the corner where Sea Lane, Goring, runs into the coastal road, and the famous Ilex Avenue commences its majestic course to Ferring, has grown up this new "tree"—the Mulberry—and excellent "fruit" it bears.

To my mind it is a model "house" in appearance, design, equipment and in its mine host. To Messrs. Tamplins, the brewers of Brighton, must be given the credit for the design and construction of the fabric, and to Mr. William Bell and his family for the goodwill they have built. There is certainly the right background. Every one of the seven bedrooms is a delight, each with a different colour scheme, with Vi-spring mattresses, central heating and other modern comforts. Upstairs, too, there is a small guests' sitting-room for those who do not want to sit in the friendly lounge bar—a social rendezvous for the inhabitants of the rapidly growing Goring Hall Estate.

Behind the scenes are model kitchens where two chefs are kept busy all the year round, for apart from catering for visitors on holiday, and the motorist in for the night, the Mulberry's reputation for good food, especially grills, is far-reaching.

From an independent source I stumbled on the secret of the Mulberry's popularity. Mr. Bell is a Yorkshireman, and he and his family have those characteristics which one finds in all three Ridings—a flair for buying only the best foodstuffs, a love of good English cooking, and that spick and span-ness as regards cleanliness which almost amounts to a religion. I welcome this growing-up of Goring-on-Sea, for otherwise I could not have experienced Yorkshire thoroughness in such a pleasant Sussex setting.

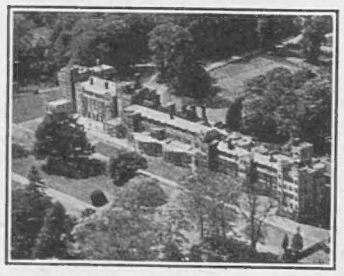
Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD • SURREY

'Phone: SANDERSTEAD 2001.

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.



WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in standard.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES

Illustrated brochure free on request.

In the Smile of the Sun lies

The ST. AUSTELL & CARLYON BAY HOTEL

SOUTH CORNWALL

at the heart of the Cornish Riviera. Here early Spring is an out-door Season and Cold Winds are almost unknown; facing the Sea and the South, surrounded by Palms and Pine Trees.

Spend a holiday here this Spring and enjoy the healthy carefree life of South Cornwall.

Free Golf, Superlative Cuisine, Five Star "A.A." Fully equipped Sports Club adjoins the Hotel. Temporary Membership available to all Guests at very moderate fees.

A Brochure will gladly be sent and inclusive terms quoted on application to the

Resident Manager: S. D. HILL.

Telephone: PAR 250 (3 lines). **Railway Station: PAR, Cornwall.**

SCOTLAND

LOCHALSH HOTEL

Kyle of Lochalsh, Ross-shire

A place of dreams—abounding in sheer beauty. An unparalleled vista of the Isle of Skye from every window. Open all the year round

INVERNESS—*Station Hotel*

Inverness-shire

A most comfortable hotel with all modern amenities

For accommodation, etc., apply to the Resident Manager, or to Arthur Towle, Controller, LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3231, 3232, 3233.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny Park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

Monte-Carlo. — Hotel Prince de Galles. — Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

GERMANY.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest htl. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. fr. RM.9. Patr. by English society. Open in winter too.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks.6. Catal gs.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa. — Valsana Sporthotel. — First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run & Strela Skilift. Rooms fm. S. Frs.7. Full board fm. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, Man.

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The Gay Sports and Social Centre. Your Headquarters. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Htl. Alpina. Skiers' Paradise. First class fam. hotel. Won. sitn. Incl. terms from Fr. 14. E. Burri, Prop.

Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland).—The Sport Hotel Silvretta.—For charm, atmosphere and good company.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus. 1st. cl. 200 beds. Leading English fam. hotel. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

Lugano.—Hotel Splendide.—First class in every detail, lovely situation on the lake. Family. R. FEDELE.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.
Host of the Elite.
Season till end of March.

Zermatt for all Winter Sports.
Hotel Victoria (160 beds).
Inclusive terms from Frs. 15.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Ideal in winter. Restaurant. Famous bar. Covered tennis court. Golf.

...but MAN has not this UNAIDED power of recovery

That the human body has great powers of resistance cannot be denied. But once the strength-building forces within you become weakened, as so often happens in winter-time, colds and infection speedily get you down. And recovery can be a lengthy business. Bovril builds up those precious reserves that are the surest defence against illness. Bovril gives you a healthy appetite. It benefits you in itself and enables you to get more nourishment from all your food, thus forming a strong foundation, and one that is not easily shaken.

Prevention is very much better than cure. Determine to run no risks. Bovril will give you not only immediate but *lasting* invigoration, and *that is the secret of keeping really fit.*

EVERY BODY NEEDS THE STRENGTH OF

BOVRIL

You'll enjoy its appetising flavour!

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*March* 4, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.